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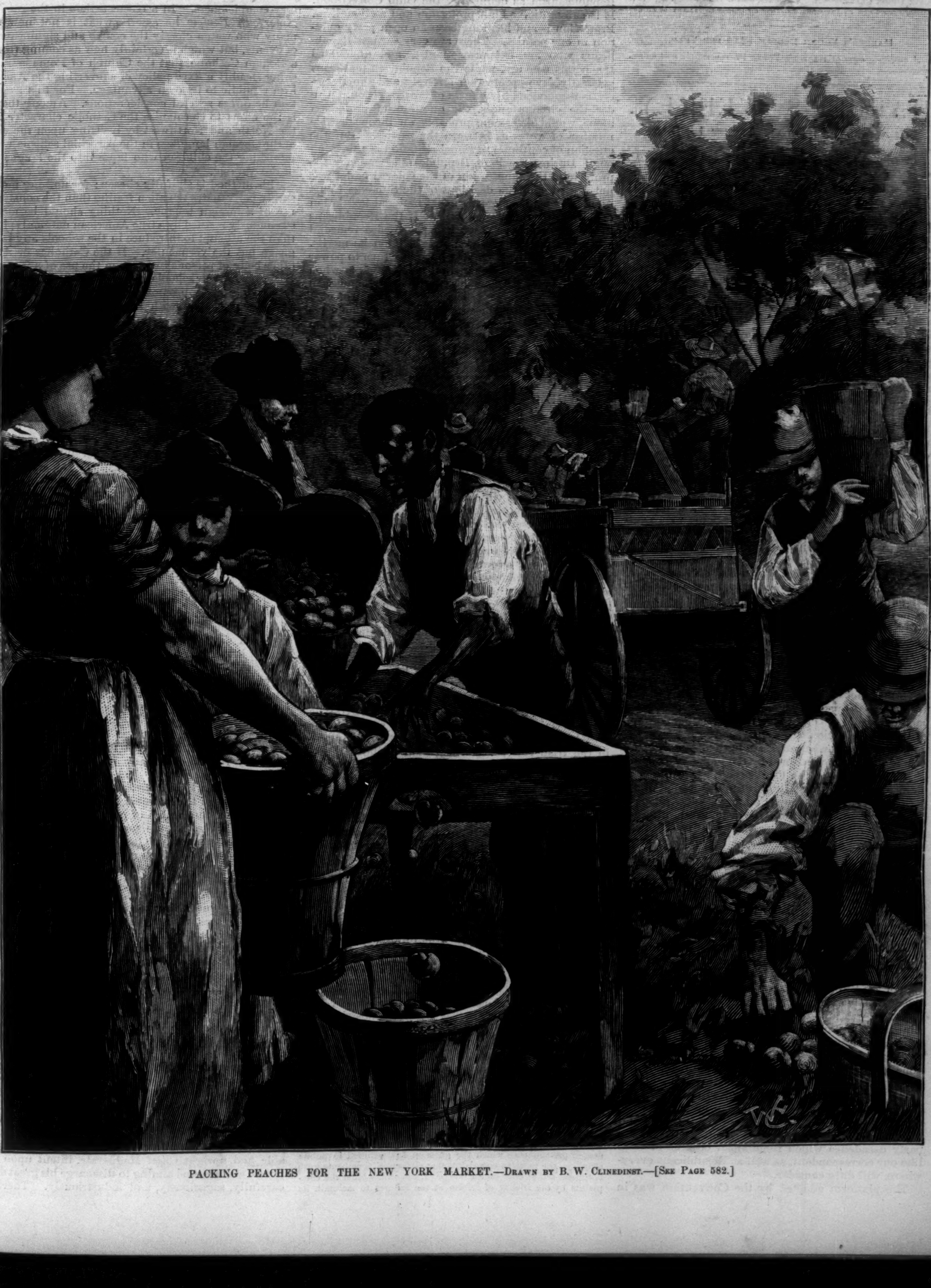

PACKING PEACHES FOR THE NEW YORK MARKET.—DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

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An Illustrated Weekly.

"Derrick Sterling," the serial story by Kirk Munroe *(the fourth instalment of which appears in the issue of August 9), is rapidly increasing in interest. The illustrations by* W. A. Rogers *add greatly to the graphic narrative.*

In this number W. J. Henderson *gives his second article on Base-Ball, and* Mr. George Makepeace Towle *contributes another article on "Heroes and Martyrs of Invention."*

THE CRICKET'S SONG,
Words by GEORGE COOPER—Music by J. F. HATTON,

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, August 13, 1887.

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THE OHIO KEY-NOTE.

The meeting of the Republican Convention in Ohio, following immediately the Democratic Convention, was anticipated with a great deal of interest. It was felt that the general tone of the Convention, the speeches, and the platform would show the prevailing spirit and aim of the Republican party. The Democrats had done well in making a clear definition of a tariff policy, and they had done wisely in warmly approving the Administration. There was a natural desire to know whether, in turn, Republican patriotism and sagacity, in view of the actual situation of the country and of the party, would rise above petty partisan appeals into the higher region of the questions that really interest the public mind, and demonstrate, so far as a party Convention may, that the Republican policy in general is so sound, comprehensive, and patriotic that it must command the sympathy of good citizens everywhere. The enthusiasm with which the Sherman resolution was adopted by the Convention was evidently a discomfiture of the Blaine wing of the party, and it showed that Mr. Sherman has a stronger hold of the State than had been supposed. Some weeks ago we published the statement of a well-informed Republican correspondent in Ohio that Mr. Sherman was held in very high respect by his fellow-Republicans in Ohio. They were very proud of his services, and they would gladly support him for the Presidential nomination next year if they could see a fair chance of electing him. But our correspondent added that, notwithstanding this fact, their hearts were still with Blaine.

The great enthusiasm with which the Sherman resolution was passed will suggest a doubt in the minds of many Republicans whether the Blaine boom may not be exaggerated after all. It will certainly give a pause, and should Mr. Sherman develop popular strength elsewhere, the certainty of Mr. Blaine's nomination will not be so clear. The assertion of the overwhelming strength of the Blaine feeling in Ohio is weakened by the ludicrous conduct of his supporters at the Convention, while the very plain words of General Beattie reveal a kind of opposition to Mr. Blaine, even among regular Republican politicians, which must be also taken into the account. The unresisted passage of the Sherman resolution will not fail of effect elsewhere. The vehement assertion of the propriety of passing such a resolution in his own State deceives nobody. If the Blaine force in the Convention had been strong enough it would have defeated the resolution; if it had not been too small it would have contested its passage. Its complete acquiescence showed its conscious weakness, and the result will everywhere embolden the opposition to Mr. Blaine. We are still of opinion that the general current of party feeling sets strongly toward him, but the triumphant passage of the Sherman resolution is a very significant and suggestive fact. The renomination of Governor Foraker was anticipated as an approval of his administration. But his extraordinary speech, to which we allude elsewhere, and the spectacle of Mr. Sherman, as reported, leading, with violent demonstrations of sympathy, the applause of the unseemly onslaught upon the President and the unworthy appeal to sectional passion, certainly showed nothing of the patriotic good sense which had been hoped from the Convention. The extravagance of denunciation and the furious emphasis laid upon such appeals mark a party decadence which Republican citizens of Ohio like our correspondent, as well as Republicans everywhere, will duly consider.

The platform adopted by the Convention was in harmony with the Governor's speech. It favors high protection, a liberal distribution of the surplus revenue among the States, and a long section demands restriction of foreign immigration. The "Southern question" reappears, and Congress is invoked to take charge of Congressional elections in the Southern States. The platform demands that minor appointments shall be emancipated from partisan influence. But if they are not so emancipated, it is because the Republicans who control the government of Ohio do not choose that they shall be. The general spirit of the proceedings was largely indicated by Governor Foraker's article in the *Forum*, that Republican restoration in the national Executive is necessary "to check the revival of the Southern Confederacy," and to repress the evils of the liquor traffic. This is Republicanism as defined by the Ohio Convention. It is substantially high protection and sectionalism. Protection is and has long been an open party question in our politics. There are very earnest Republicans who are not protectionists, and undoubted Democrats who are, while the Republican platforms generally favor protection strongly and the Democratic recommend some form of tariff revision. Under the circumstances, the question of protection alone would determine probably an inconsiderable number of votes as between the parties. But the question of continual sectional agitation is a pressing one. During the long Republican ascendency the problem of the suppression of the colored ballot was not settled, and the decisions of the Supreme Court do not favor the suggestion that national legislation could remedy the alleged evils. If the Republicans in Congress or elsewhere had proposed a remedial scheme, it could have been judged upon its merits. But no party can reasonably hope to return to power under a promise of doing what it left undone when it had the power. The reasons of this Republican omission are familiar. They are the doubt of constitutional power, and a very practical and conclusive reason in practical politics, the actual social situation in the Southern States. These are considerations which do not lend force to the Ohio remarks upon the subject.

THE REFORM LEAGUE AND THE PRESIDENT.

We print the resolution in which at its late meeting the National Reform League stated its view of the tendency of the course of the Administration in regard to removals and appointments. After careful discussion the statement was unanimously adopted by an assembly in which the reform sentiment of every part of the country, excepting the Southern States, was fitly represented. Maryland and Missouri were both present by delegates, and united heartily in the declaration. It is unquestionably the general view of the friends of reform.

We do not understand, however, that it imports either distrust of the President or regret at the very general support which he received from reformers in 1884. Nor is it intended, we presume, to intimate that as against any other probable candidate he would not be supported by them again. We do not know a single friend of reform who regrets his vote for Mr. Cleveland, although there may be such instances in Maryland or in Indiana. Of possible Republican candidates, Mr. Sherman certainly never professed to be a friend of the reformed system. Mr. Blaine has made certain professions of interest, which, we are afraid, is not supposed to be as ardent as his interest in the Irish vote. His illustration of the nature of his interest in reform which he gave in his appointment of the reform committee in the House is not forgotten. Mr. Allison voted, we believe, for the reform bill, with the great majority of the Senate. Mr. Lincoln's views are not known. General Hawley, however, was the chairman of the Senate committee which reported the bill, and he managed and advocated it with great ability.

In the present condition of parties we presume that nobody supposes that the course of any Republican President would be more satisfactory upon this subject than that of President Cleveland has been. Republican managers, therefore, would make a great mistake if they should interpret the following statement as a general abandonment of the President.

> "The National Civil Service Reform League, while acknowledging the good faith with which the President has sought to uphold the civil service examinations, the many excellent appointments made by the present Administration, the frequent instances of Executive disregard of merely partisan demands, and conspicuous instances of the retention of satisfactory officers during their terms, has yet learned with profound regret that the change in the civil service is so great as to forecast its complete partisan reconstruction by the close of the administration. The League does not believe such a change to have been required by the condition of the service, nor justified by intelligent public desire or expectation. Holding that changes of inferior officers should not be made for partisan reasons, or merely for the purpose of making places for others, it regards the action of the Administration in this respect as tending to confirm the system of abuses which the League seeks to reform, and as furnishing a mischievous precedent for succeeding Administrations. Notwithstanding this action, the unprecedented pre-eminence which the question has acquired in public attention, the partisan complaints that all former incumbents were not dismissed at once on the one hand, and on the other the complaints by the friends of reform at the failures to maintain its principles, as well as the public dissatisfaction with the unfortunate results which have in many cases followed such failures, all attest signal progress in reform, and offer the strongest assurance of the rapid growth of a public sentiment which will heartily sustain a resolute and consistent enforcement of reform principles."

ECCLESIASTICAL POLITICS.

Dr. McGlynn has been long known as a friend of the American common school as against the sectarian Catholic parochial school. This independent spirit has made him obnoxious to ecclesiastical authority, and it explains the position of contemptuous defiance of that authority which he has recently displayed. Indeed, while he has theologically maintained his connection with Rome, his spirit has been essentially Protestant. His excommunication has been also his emancipation. He now frees his mind with satisfactory completeness. In a recent article in the *North American Review* he asserts what is not new to many who watch closely the course and significance of events, but which is certainly new as coming from a Roman Catholic, that the Church of Rome is pursuing steadily a fixed policy of subverting the American republic to its own advantage. For this assertion he offers several considerations. Among them is the effort to Germanize the Catholic character in the North and Northwest by insisting upon the use of the German language in the parochial schools, and punishing the children who lapse into the language of the country.

This method is skilfully chosen; for nothing more surely perpetuates the alien feeling than the constant use of a foreign tongue. Nothing should be more strenuously resisted by a true American national spirit than the attempt to introduce in the schools any language but the vernacular. If the Catholics or any other body of persons insist upon the use of a foreign language in their schools, it is because they have some foreign object to promote, and the insistence alone should cover them with suspicion. Dr. McGlynn calls his paper the "New Know-Nothingism and the Old," and he holds that a resolute effort, such as old Know-Nothingism never contemplated, is now necessary to keep America American. He quotes the Cincinnati pastoral letter of a few years ago in which the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that men are created equal, is disputed. The attempt to establish everywhere separate Catholic schools controlled wholly by what he calls the machine of the Church, the effort to divert public funds to sectarian uses, and the unhesitating clerical interference in politics wherever the interests of the machine are to be promoted, are among the signs of the policy of Rome in America which Dr. McGlynn mentions. They are familiar signs, but they are strongly confirmed by this new witness, and they are to be considered especially by Republicans when party leaders are propitiating the Irish vote for Mr. Blaine.

The great danger of any such movement as that which Dr. McGlynn describes lies in the power of the Catholic Church, through its priesthood, to cast a vote large enough in many States to determine the result of an election, and in the fact that it has an un-American object to accomplish by the use of such a vote. A compact vote of this kind in the political market is threatening to honest politics and good government, because it makes alliances, not for the public welfare, but for its own purposes. The chance of winning the vote makes it unwise for the party seeking the alliance to expose and denounce the real objects of the managers of the vote. The Republican press, for instance, if it were hoping that the Irish Catholic vote might be cast for Mr. Blaine, would carefully refrain from any remarks upon Roman hostility to the schools. Yet, assuming such hostility, silence is a kind of treachery. This Republican attitude toward the expected Irish vote was shown in the savage denunciation of poor Dr. Burchard, who merely said that Romanism was hostile to Republicanism. No paper which lashed Dr. Burchard would ever peep about Catholic attacks upon the public schools so long as it was hoping to secure an Irish vote for its candidate. This effort is so notorious that General Beattie, in Ohio, says that "if the Irish vote is the chief thing to be considered, Mr. Blaine had better seek votes in Ireland." Dr. McGlynn's exposition is not "State's evidence," because he has never connived at the assault upon the schools, but it is none the less very suggestive.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

In the autumn the President will make a prolonged tour through the West and the South. There is no doubt of his hearty welcome by citizens of all parties, because, although a party man, he is not an offensive partisan. Mr. Cleveland is emphatically what is called a man of the people, and in a good sense, because it is his simplicity and honesty that make him so. We do not always agree with his judgment of expediency. But despite the hot and furious calumnies of the opposition press, there is no doubt that the President is generally regarded as an able and upright Chief Magistrate, intent upon the public welfare, and aiming to discharge his great duty carefully, sagaciously, and industriously. There is always a strong popular desire to see a President, and this desire is heightened when his course has attracted personal interest and confidence, which is true of Mr. Cleveland.

In his visit last autumn to Cambridge in Massachusetts, upon the occasion of the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University, the President saw a characteristic representation of intelligent New England, and the greeting which he received could not have failed to touch him by its earnestness and sincerity. In central New York, where much of his earlier life was passed, he was at home, and in perfect sympathy with the active, enterprising, prosperous community. In the West, whither he goes for the first time, he will see the great region which begins to dominate the Union, and the West will see a President against whom it was warned, but whose administration has neither alarmed nor injured it, and whose good sense and patriotism have more firmly reunited the country. Turning southward, he will be greeted with the enthusiasm of political sympathy and with the consciousness of a Union actually restored; and the colored citizens will find in the President whose election they were told would endanger their liberty as true a friend as in any public man in the country.

The journey of the President, at the time when many Republicans are trying hard to arouse the bitterness of sectional feeling and to control politics by the passions of the war, will present a suggestive contrast. He represents the new Union of common interests and purposes and desires, and among them the speediest practicable dismissal of the controversies of the old Union. He represents the desire of the country for tranquil and honest government, watched, as he says of himself, with a scrutiny to which no recent President has been submitted. He represents the epoch of happy transition from the old to the new, and the general feeling of good-will which is the prevailing sentiment of the country. It is unfortunate that the contrast should be invoked between the significance of such a representative and that of the sectional effort. Practically those who lead that effort assert that the President is going into the Southern States to propitiate the rebels, that he betrayed his sympathy with treason and rebellion by the order to return the rebel flags, that he has called rebels into his Cabinet, and that he knows that he must owe his re-election to the votes of rebels. This is wretched business for intelligent Republicans. Not one such man who resorts to such desperate appeals believes that the President is a rebel, or consorts with rebels, or has any more sympathy with rebellion than General Sherman or General Sheridan, or Mr. Blaine or Governor Foraker. The partisan use which is sought to be made of the flag order shows the sore straits to which those who resort to it are reduced. At a time when Virginia and Massachusetts veterans were fraternizing, when at Gettysburg the boys in blue and the boys in gray were clasping honest hands of congratulation as fellow-citizens forever, the President acquiesced in the suggestion to return to Confederate veterans the tokens, not of anything gained in the war, but of some particular fight which helped to achieve the great result, and in which, whatever the event of that fight, the heroism of both sides was unquestioned. This is not a thing for which the patriot soldiers in New England or Pennsylvania would adjudge any man unworthy of the Presidency. Of the two, which will seem to a thoughtful American the surer guarantee of national peace and prosperity, the spirit which the President will represent in his tour, or that of those who make a national issue of the flag order?

AN EVIDENT BLUNDER.

The extraordinary blunder of the effort, probably begun in the interest of pension agents, to degrade the Grand Army of the Republic into a partisan force and to array it against the President, begins plainly to appear. The revelations in regard to General Tuttle, such as the record published at length in the St. Louis *Republican* of a suit involving him in discreditable transactions during the war, from which he escaped by pleading the statute of limitations; the plain perversion of the objects of the League by the leaders of the political movement; the consequent schisms in the Army in various parts of the country; the insult to the people of the United States of making the conscientious discharge of executive duty the pretence of discourtesy and menaces to the President—are now all seen in their true light as illustrations of character and motives, and the great injury wrought by selfish schemers and foolish politicians to the good name of a patriotic and charitable association is plainly evident.

The latest protest against the Tuttle-Fairchild demonstration is the action of the National Veteran Association at Des Moines, Iowa, repudiating the utterances of some member of the Grand Army in regard to the President's proposed visit to St. Louis, commending his veto of the pension bill, and condemning the attempt to revive sectional hate. In presenting the resolutions to the President, General Rosecrans said that he believed the sentiments expressed in them to be in accord with the views of the vast majority of the members of the Grand Army, and to "that much larger body of ex-Union soldiers not belonging to the society of the G. A. R. who are surviving members of the real grand army of the republic, which, after having saved the nation's life, dissolved and joined the great industrial body which assures the wealth, the glory, and the prosperity of our country." The President, replying, said that before reading the resolutions he judged from the remarks of General Rosecrans that

> "The action of the veterans mentioned is in the direction of acknowledging the duty which devolves upon them as veterans to emphasize the value of their services in the field by patriotic service at home, and to demonstrate the same bravery shown in battle by a courage no less conspicuous when called upon to defend and maintain the freedom and patriotism which in peace is the safety of American institutions. Understanding this to be the purpose of the resolutions, I am glad to receive them at your hands."

The attempt to stigmatize the President as in any sense whatever less patriotic than any member of the Grand Army has signally failed. The vetoes of the pension bills in many instances expose the reckless haste and ignorance with which they have been passed, sometimes overreaching their own intention. The chief veto shows no indifference whatever to any just veteran claim, while it proves the President's conscientious devotion to his sense of duty. The rebel flag incident is perfectly understood as in itself an illegal order, which was immediately revoked, but which was prompted by a most generous patriotism, which in a few years will be universal except among a few surviving Bourbons. The result of the whole controversy is increased popular confidence and regard for the President, and a livelier general contempt for demagogues.

GOVERNOR FORAKER'S SPEECH.

We have spoken elsewhere of Governor Foraker. He is, we believe, a man of education, who is thought worthy by an intelligent majority of the citizens of Ohio to be the Governor of the State. But does any intelligent man in the country think that it is a decent thing for the Governor of Ohio to say of the President of the United States, upon his prompt revocation of an order which proved to be beyond his proper authority, that "he quailed like a whipped spaniel before the storms of indignant protests that swept down upon him from every loyal State"?

If Governor Foraker's friends should reply that it is true, the reply would prove nothing, and would be merely a repetition of the indecency. The form of Governor Foraker's attack upon the President throughout was an insult to the people of the United States. It is, we believe, wholly without precedent in the references of the Governor of a State to the President. Even the allusions of some of the rebel Governors in 1861 to President Lincoln were not so wholly unbecoming a dignified official position as the furious onslaught of Governor Foraker upon President Cleveland.

Whoever reads his speech in the Convention, and the speech at his reception in Toledo, in which he said, "This gathering of Republicans means that when our lines are drawn we will sweep over the whole rebel brigade," will understand how naturally the name of Governor Foraker is associated with that of Mr. Blaine for the Republican nomination in 1888. We ask any intelligent American to compare the speeches, letters, and remarks of Governor Foraker with the speeches, letters, messages, and remarks of President Cleveland, and decide which, upon that showing, is the wiser, higher, truer representative of American patriotism.

THE LABOR VOTE.

Our remark that it was not safe to suppose that the Labor vote would be drawn almost exclusively from the Democratic party is verified by the result of the election in the city of New York for delegates to the State Labor Convention. In twenty-one of the twenty-four Assembly Districts it appears that of the fifty-nine delegates sixteen are Republicans, and voted for Blaine, eighteen are Butler and Greenback men, seventeen are alien Socialists, and only eight are Democrats. This result confirms the reported remark of Henry George, that the vote would be drawn not unequally from both parties.

The number of Republican votes cast for Mr. George was very large. It included a considerable number of young Germans, who are fond of speculative politics, and inclined to all humane movements. Should the Labor State ticket be wisely selected at Syracuse on the 17th of August, there is little reason to doubt that these voters would support it. It is never worth while to belittle or despise a vote until it has been counted.

THE SUMMONS TO MR. PLATT.

The Attorney-General of New York has brought action to remove Mr. Thomas C. Platt from the office of Quarantine Commissioner, on the ground that he holds office illegally. The complaint is that the law requires the Commissioner to be a resident of the Metropolitan Police District, which it alleges is not true of Mr. Platt; and further, that the oath was taken irregularly. The summons in the matter was served on the 28th of July, and Mr. Platt has twenty days in which to appear before the Supreme Court at Albany and answer.

The case of Mr. Platt, without reference to these proceedings, is scandalous. He is holding over from a term which expired two or three years ago, and the Senate has baffled the efforts of the Governor to appoint his successor. At the late session the Governor nominated Colonel Frederick Grant to succeed Mr. Platt. Colonel Grant is a Republican, and the Senate was Republican. But it was under the control of Mr. Platt, and the Senate refused to confirm the nomination. The retention of the office, under such circumstances and by such means, is a public scandal, and the hero of it is the Republican leader of New York.

In refusing to confirm an unexceptionable nomination for an office of which the term had expired, and the incumbent was merely holding over under the law until his successor should be duly appointed, the Senate has plainly violated the intent of the Constitution. The power of confirmation is not in the constitutional sense a power to enslave the Executive to the will of the confirming body. It is simply a check upon improper Executive action. This act of the Republican Senate was among those of the last session which discredited the Republican name.

THE BALTIMORE SCANDAL.

The Maryland Civil Service Reform Association has been requested by the National League to report to the Executive Committee of the League the facts and evidence in regard to the violation of the President's warning against the interference of office-holders in elections. If the facts seem to the committee to be established, then in concert with the Maryland association they will lay them before the President, and ask for the removal of the offenders.

This is the proper method of dealing with the matter. There have been a great many reports of instances of violation of the warning in various parts of the country, and a loud demand in papers hostile to the Administration that the offenders should be summarily dismissed. But if the President should take action upon every allegation of the kind he could not fail to commit the most flagrant injustice. The duties of the Executive office do not permit his action, or even investigation, upon rumor or newspaper statement. But if those who know the facts and can produce the evidence would take the trouble to put them into form and lay them before the President or the proper Executive department, they would prove their real interest in the subject, and they would do all that good citizens can do in such cases. The responsibility of action would then be wholly upon the Executive.

This is the view taken by the League. It has asked for a careful investigation of the charges, and if they are apparently sustained, it will submit them to the President. The allegation, as an *ex parte* statement, may not alone convince him that the case is proved. But a case for his own investigation, at least, will have been established, and all further responsibility would remain with him.

PERSONAL.

The house in Andover, Massachusetts, in which Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was recently destroyed by fire. It was a stone building erected by the trustees of Phillips Academy fifty years ago, and was occupied for twenty years as a workshop for poor students, when it was converted into a dwelling-house for Professor Stowe, then professor at the theological seminary. After ten years, during which the famous novel was written, Professor Stowe's family moved away. The house has since been occupied as a boarding-place for theological students.

—Lord Ronald Gower's offer to present to Stratford-on-Avon a costly Shakespearian monument designed by himself has been accepted. A plaster cast of it is to be seen in the Crystal Palace, London. The monument consists of life-size figures of Shakespeare's principal characters, with the poet himself in the centre of the group.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie, it is said, intends to buy an estate in Scotland, and it is possible that he may become the purchaser of Aboyne Castle, Lord Huntley's family place in Aberdeenshire, which is for sale, with some portion of the property. The estate is valued at £115,000.

—Signor Campanini, the favorite tenor, has the temerity to announce a season of Italian opera in New York, beginning early in November. Since he left this country Signor Campanini has been devoting himself to farming in Italy. The cheese from his dairy is in great demand among New York restaurants.

—Mr. E. C. Stedman's house in New York city was entered by burglars, a few evenings since, and robbed of some coats and trinkets. Among the latter was a scarabæus scarf-pin given to the poet by his friend Charles Dudley Warner. Mr. Warner got three scarabs when he was in Egypt, which he took to Florence and had mounted for scarf-pins; one he gave to Mr. Stedman, one to another friend, and one he kept himself.

—General James Longstreet lives in a quiet farm-house on the summit of a mountain ridge in north Georgia. A friend who has just been paying him a visit says that his hair is silver, his whiskers are snow, his giant figure somewhat bent, but his eagle eyes still flash with the old-time fire, and years have only deepened the strong lines in his face. He was dressed for comfort. He did not care that his collar was awry, that his waistcoat adorned a chair post, that his alpaca coat was ripped up the back, and he did not care that his slippers went flap-flap-flap against his heels as he walked.

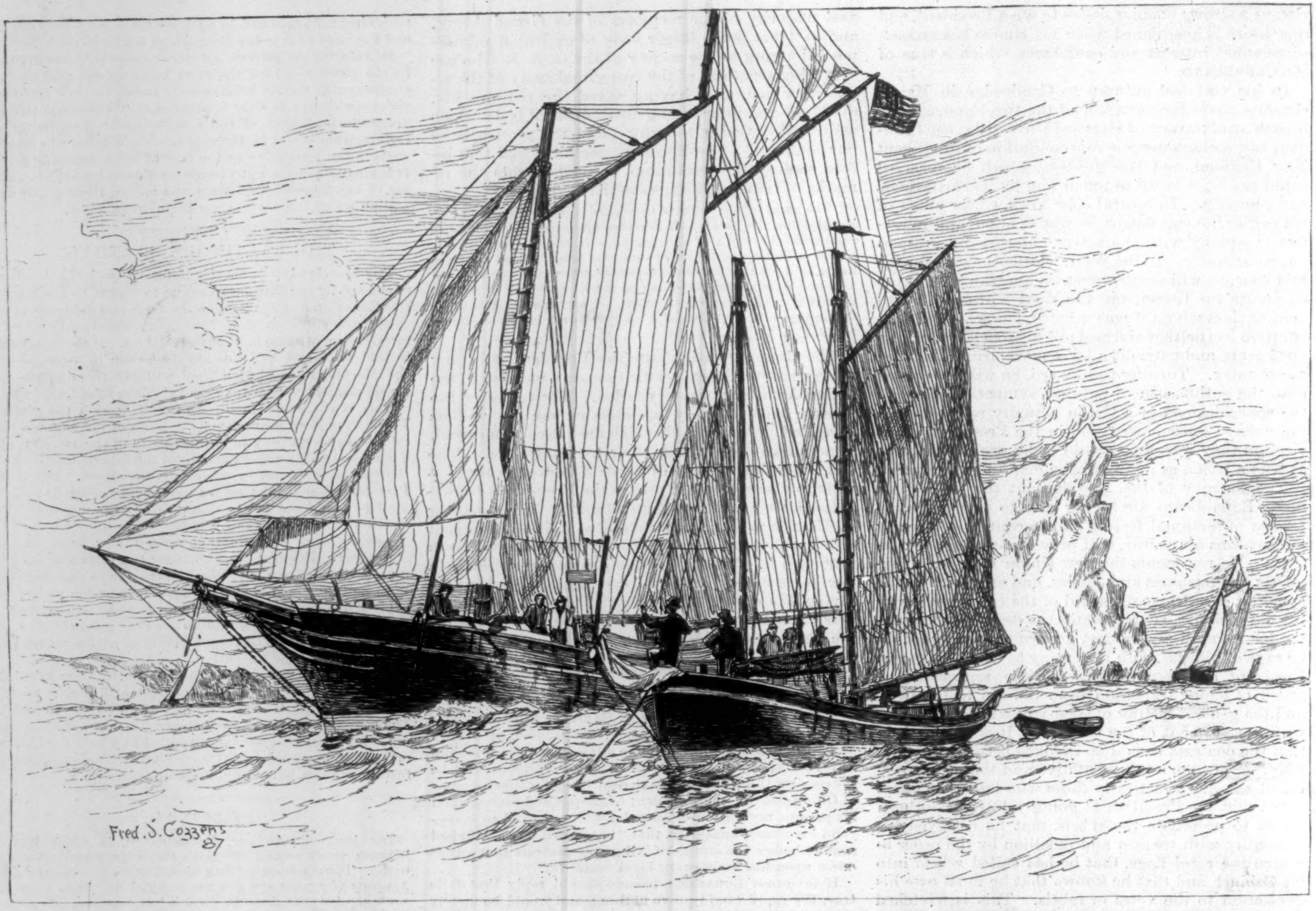
—Mr. Joseph W. Drexel, the banker, has presented to the surviving Union soldiers of the late war, in perpetuity, the cottage on Mount McGregor in which General Grant died. There is no stipulation as to how it shall be used, but it is specified that the trustees shall consist of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army, President of the Mount M'Gregor Railway, and such other person as Mr Drexel or his successor as President of the Drexel & Morgan Banking Company may designate.

—Mr. H. C. Bunner has written a very clever and amusing story, entitled "A Successful Failure," for the *Midsummer Puck*. Mr. Bunner says he wrote the story for Mr. Frank R. Stockton, at his particular request, and the readers of the brilliant extra number of our comic contemporary will find no reason to regret the substitution.

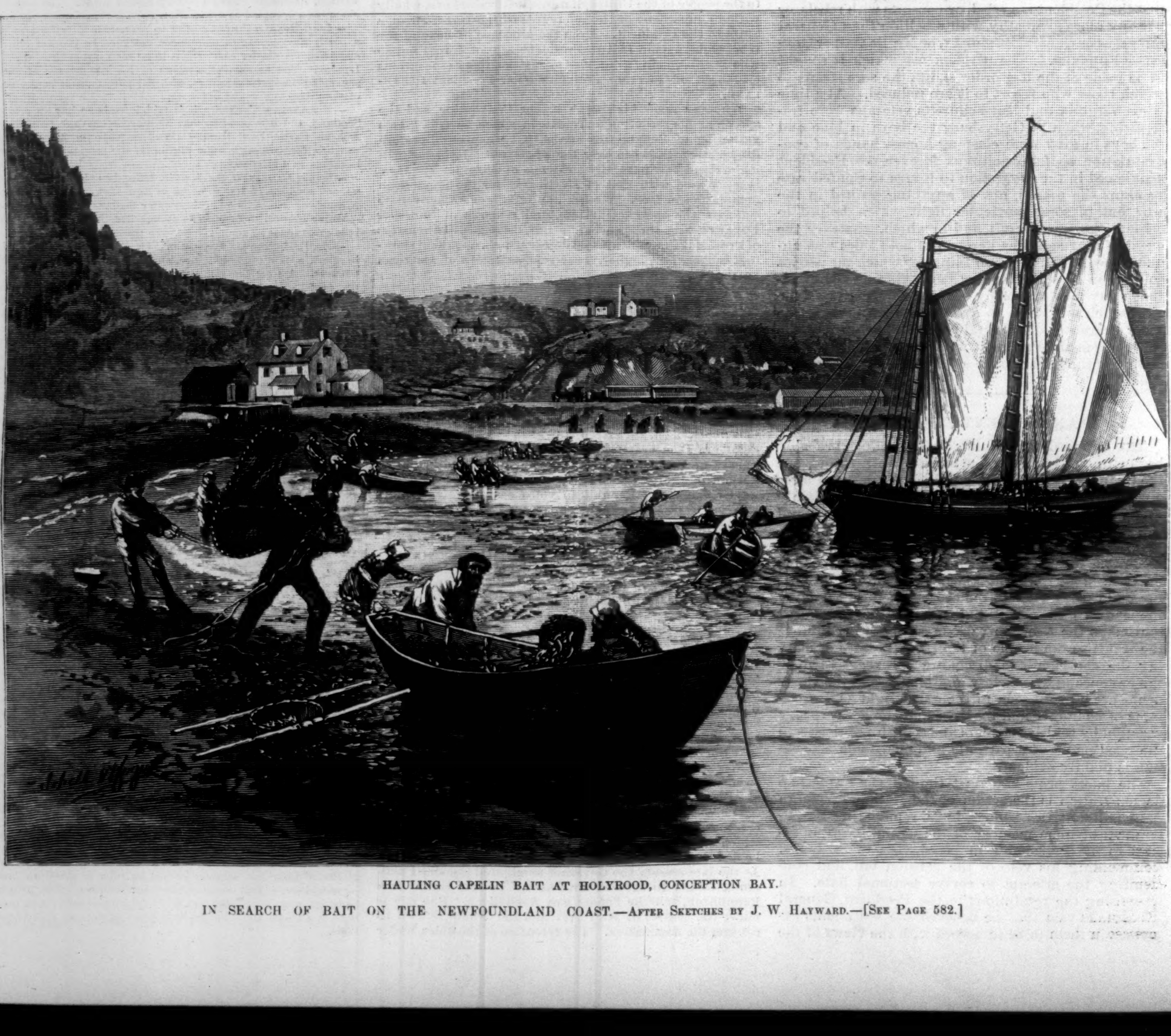
—Leo XIII. is one of the most retiring of Popes. He is rarely seen in his reception robes; still more difficult is it to observe him in his house dress. He sits constantly before his enormous artistically carved writing-desk, hidden behind a heap of books, diplomatic letters, and newspapers; rarely he allows himself to be interrupted in his work in order to listen to the timid petitions of his Maestro di Camera.

—John Russell Young, ex-Minister to China, does not know why that country should want Mr. Wharton Barker's telephone line. He says that there was an admirable telephone system established in China before he left there. The Chinese are a shrewd people, but they have no patent laws.

—Sam Jones, the revivalist, gets $500 for three days' work, which includes nine sermons. One of the large lecture bureaus has offered him $500 a night for a course of lectures, and while at Round Lake last summer he had an offer of $100 an hour if he would leave that camp-meeting for another. The people of Saratoga, near by, offered him $750 for one sermon; but, accordingly to a friend and admirer, he is proof against all these temptations.

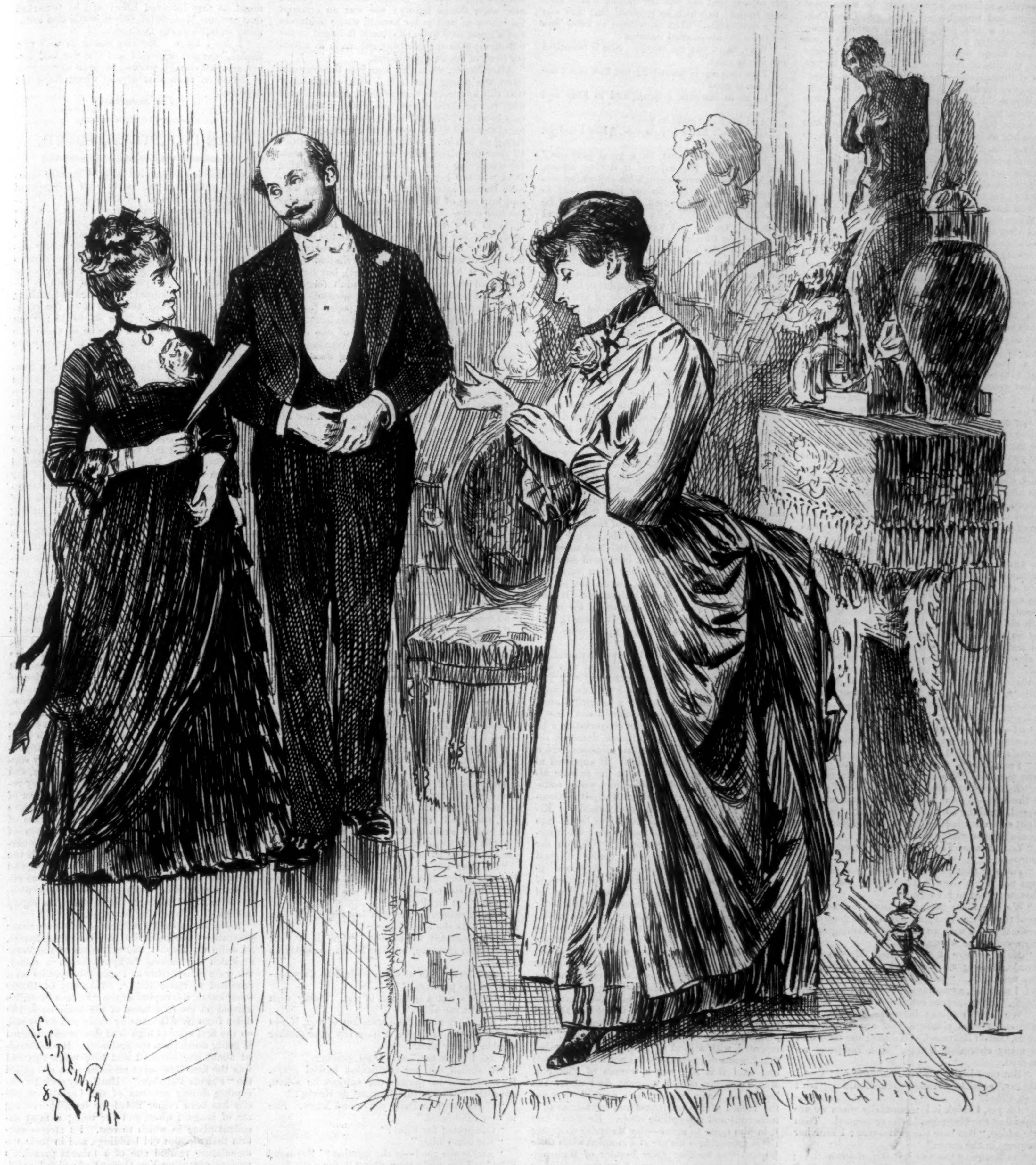


INTERVIEWING NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN AS TO THE PRESENCE OF CRUISERS INSHORE.



HAULING CAPELIN BAIT AT HOLYROOD, CONCEPTION BAY.

IN SEARCH OF BAIT ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.—AFTER SKETCHES BY J. W. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



COUSIN MARIA.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

By HENRY JAMES.

III.

"ONLY just ourselves," her note had said; and he arrived, in his natural impatience, a few moments before the hour. He remembered his Cousin Maria's habitual punctuality, but when he entered the splendid *salon* in the quarter of the Parc Monceau—it was there that he had found her established—he saw that he should have it, for a little, to himself. This was pleasing, for he should be able to look round—there were admirable things to look at. Even to-day Raymond Bestwick was not sure that he had learned to paint, but he had no doubt of his judgment of the work of others, and a single glance showed him that Mrs. Temperly had "known enough" to select, for the adornment of her walls, half a dozen immensely valuable specimens of contemporary French art. Her choice of other objects had been equally enlightened, and he remembered what Dora had said to him five years before—that her mother wished them to have the best. Evidently, now they had got it; if five years was a long time for him to have delayed (with his original plan of getting off so soon) to come to Paris, it was a very short one for Cousin Maria to have taken to arrive at the highest good.

Rather to his surprise, the first person to come in was Effie, now so complete a young lady, and such a very pretty girl, that he scarcely would have known her. She was fair, she was graceful, she was lovely, and as she entered the room, blushing and smiling, with a little gliding, zephyr-like motion, she brushed down the ribbons of a delicate Parisian *toilette de jeune fille*. She appeared to expect that he would be surprised, and as if to justify herself for being the first, she said, "Mamma told me to come; she knows you are here; she said I was not to wait." And more than once, while they conversed during the next few moments, before any one else arrived, she repeated that she was acting by her mamma's directions. Raymond perceived that she had not only the costume, but several other of the attributes, of a *jeune fille*. They talked, I say, but with a certain difficulty, for Effie asked him no questions, and this made him feel a little stiff about thrusting information upon her. Then she was so pretty, so exquisite, that this by itself disconcerted him. It seemed to him almost that she had falsified a prophecy, instead of bringing one to pass. He had foretold that she would be like this; the only difference was that she was so much more like it. She made no inquiries about his arrival, his people in America, his plans; and they exchanged vague remarks about the pictures quite as if they had met for the first time.

When Cousin Maria came in, Effie was standing in front of the fire fastening a bracelet, and he was at a distance gazing in silence at a portrait of his hostess by Bastien-Lepage. One of his apprehensions had been that Cousin Maria would allude, ironically, to the difference there had been between his threat (because it had been really almost a threat), of following them speedily to Paris, and what had in fact occurred, but he saw in a moment how superficial this calculation had been. Besides, when had Cousin Maria ever been ironical? She treated him as if she had seen him last week (which did not preclude kindness), and only expressed her regret at having missed his visit the day before, in consequence of which she had immediately written to him to come and dine. He might have come from round the corner, instead of from New York and across the wintry ocean. This was a part of her "coziness," her friendly, motherly optimism, of which, even of old, the habit had been never to recognize nor allude to disagreeable things; so that to-day, in the midst of so much that was not disagreeable, the custom would of course be immensely confirmed. Raymond was perfectly aware that it was not a pleasure, even for her, that, for several years past, things should have gone so ill in New York with his family and himself. His father's embarrassments, of which Marian's silly husband had been the cause, and which had terminated in general ruin and humiliation, to say nothing of the old man's "stroke," and the necessity, arising from it, for a renunciation on his own part of all thoughts of leaving home again within years, and even for a partial relinquishment of present work, the old man requiring so much of his personal attention—all this constituted an episode which could not fail to look sordid and dreary in the light of Mrs. Temperly's high success. The odor of success was in the warm, slightly heavy air, which seemed distilled from rare old fabrics, from brocades and tapestries, from the deep, mingled tones of the pictures, the subdued radiance of cabinets and old porcelain, and the jars of winter roses standing in soft circles of lamp-light. Raymond felt himself in the presence of an effect in regard to which he remained in ignorance of the cause—a mystery that required a key. Cousin Maria's success was unexplained so long as she simply stood there with her little familiar, comforting, upward gaze, talking in coaxing cadences, with exactly the same manner she had brought ten years ago from California, to a tall, bald, bending, smiling young man, evidently a foreigner, who had just come in, and whose name Raymond had not caught from the lips of the *maître d'hôtel*. Was he just one of themselves—was he there for Effie, or perhaps even for Dora? The unexplained must preponderate till Dora came in; he found he counted upon her, even though in her letters (it was true that for the last couple of years they had come but at long intervals) she had told him so little about their life. She never spoke of people; she talked of the books she read, of the music she had heard or was studying (a whole page sometimes about the last concert at the Conservatoire), the new pictures, and the manner of the different artists.

When she entered the room, three or four minutes after the arrival of the young foreigner, with whom her mother conversed in exactly the accents Raymond had last heard at the hotel in the Fifth Avenue (he was obliged to admit that she gave herself no airs; it was clear that her success had not gone in the least to her head)—when Dora at last appeared she was accompanied by Mademoiselle Bourde. The presence of this lady—he didn't know she was still in the house—Raymond took as a sign that they were really dining *en famille*, so that the young man was either an actual or a prospective intimate. Dora shook hands first with her cousin, but he watched the manner of her greeting with the other visitor, and saw that it indicated extreme friendliness—on the part of the latter. If there was a charming flush in her cheek as he took her hand, that was the remainder of the color that had risen there as she came toward Raymond. It will be seen that our young man still had an eye for the element of fascination, as he used to regard it, in this quiet, dimly shining maiden. He saw that Effie was the only one who had changed (Tishy remained yet to be judged), except that Dora really looked older, quite as much older as the number of years had given her a right to; there was as little difference in her as there was in her mother. Not that she was like her mother, but she was perfectly like herself. Her meeting with Raymond was bright, but very still; their phrases were awkward and commonplace, and the thing was mainly a contact of looks—conscious, embarrassed, indirect, but brightening every moment with old familiarities. Her mother appeared to pay no attention, and neither, to do her justice, did Mademoiselle Bourde, who, after an exchange of expressive salutations with Raymond, began to scrutinize Effie with little admiring gestures and smiles. She surveyed her from head to foot; she pulled a ribbon straight; she was evidently a flattering governess. Cousin Maria explained to Cousin Raymond that they were waiting for one more friend—a very dear lady. "But she lives near, and when people live near they are always late—haven't you noticed that?"

"Your hotel is far away, I know, and yet you were the first," Dora said, smiling, to Raymond.

"Oh, even if it were round the corner, I should be the first—to come to *you!*" the young man answered, speaking loud and clear, so that his words might serve as a notification to Cousin Maria that his sentiments were unchanged.

"You are more French than the French," Dora returned.

"You say that as if you didn't like them; I hope you don't," said Raymond, still with intentions in regard to his hostess.

"We like them more and more, the more we see of them," this lady interposed; but gently, impersonally, and with an air of not wishing to put Raymond in the wrong.

"*Mais j'espère bien!*" cried Mademoiselle Bourde, holding up her head and opening her eyes very wide. "Such friendships as we form, and, I may say, as we inspire! *Je m'en rapporte à Effie*," the governess continued.

"We have received immense kindness; we have established relations that are so pleasant for us, Cousin Raymond. We have the entrée of so many charming homes," Mrs. Temperly remarked.

"But ours is the most charming of all; that I will say," exclaimed Mademoiselle Bourde. "Isn't it so, Effie?"

"Oh yes, I think it is; especially when we are expecting the Marquise," Effie responded. Then she added, "But here she comes now; I hear her carriage in the court."

The Marquise too was just one of themselves; she was a part of their charming home.

"She *is* such a love!" said Mrs. Temperly to the foreign gentleman, with an irrepressible movement of benevolence.

To which Raymond heard the gentleman reply that, Ah! she was the most distinguished woman in France.

"Do you know Madame de Brives?" Effie asked of Raymond, while they were waiting for her to come in.

She came in at that moment, and the girl turned away quickly without an answer.

"How in the world should I know her?" That was the answer he would have been tempted to give. He felt very much out of Cousin Maria's circle. The foreign gentleman fingered his mustache and looked at him sidewise. The Marquise was a very pretty woman, fair and slender, of middle age, with a smile, a complexion, a diamond necklace, of great splendor, and a charming manner. Her greeting to her friends was sweet and familiar, and was accompanied with much kissing of a sisterly, motherly, daughterly kind; and yet with this expression of simple, almost homely sentiment, there was something in her that astonished and dazzled. She might very well have been, as the foreign young man said, the most distinguished woman in France. Dora had not rushed forward to meet her with nearly so much *empressement* as Effie, and this gave him a chance to ask the former who she was. The girl replied that she was her mother's most intimate friend; to which he rejoined that that was not a description; what he wanted to know was her titles to this exalted position.

"Why, can't you see them? She is beautiful and she is good."

"I see that she is beautiful; but how can I see that she is good?"

"Good to mamma, I mean, and to Effie and Tishy."

"And isn't she good to you?"

"Oh, I don't know her so well. But I delight to look at her."

"Certainly, that must be a great pleasure," said Raymond. He enjoyed it during dinner, which was now served, though his enjoyment was diminished by his not finding himself next to Dora. They sat at a small round table, and he had at his right his cousin Maria, whom he had taken in. On his left was Madame de Brives, who had the foreign gentleman for a neighbor. Then came Effie and Mademoiselle Bourde, and Dora was on the other side of her mother. Raymond regarded this as marked—a symbol of the fact that Cousin Maria would continue to separate them. He remained in ignorance of the other gentleman's identity, and remembered how he had prophesied at the hotel in New York that his hostess would give up introducing people. It was a friendly, easy little family repast, as she had said it would be, with just a marquise and a secretary of embassy—Raymond ended by guessing that the stranger was a secretary of embassy—thrown in. So far from interfering with the family tone, Madame de Brives directly contributed to it. She eminently justified the affection in which she was held in the house; she was in the highest degree friendly and sympathetic, and at the same time witty (there was no insipidity in Madame de Brives), and was the cause of Raymond's making the reflection—as he had made it often in his earlier years—that an agreeable French woman is a triumph of civilization. This did not prevent him from giving the Marquise no more than half of his attention; the rest was dedicated to Dora, who, on her side, though in common with Effie and Mademoiselle Bourde she bent a frequent interested gaze on the splendid French lady, very often met our young man's eyes with mute, vague, but, to his sense, none the less valuable intimations. It was as if she knew what was going on in his mind (it is true that he scarcely knew it himself), and might be trusted to clear things up at some convenient hour.

Madame de Brives talked across Raymond, in excellent English, to Cousin Maria, but this did not prevent her from being gracious, even encouraging, to the young man, who was a little afraid of her, and thought her a delightful creature. She asked him more questions about himself than any of them had done. Her conversation with Mrs. Temperly was of an intimate, domestic order, and full of social, personal allusions, which Raymond was unable to follow. It appeared to be concerned considerably with the private affairs of the old French *noblesse*, into whose councils—to judge by the tone of the Marquise—Cousin Maria had been admitted by acclamation. Every now and then Madame de Brives broke into French, and it was in this tongue that she uttered an apostrophe to her hostess: "Oh, you, my *toute-bonne*, you who have the genius of good sense!" And she appealed to Raymond to know if his cousin Maria had not the genius of good sense—the wisdom of the ages. The old lady did not defend herself from the compliment; she let it pass with her motherly, tolerant smile; nor did Raymond attempt to defend her, for he felt the justice of his neighbor's description: Cousin Maria's good sense was incontestable, magnificent. She took an affectionate, indulgent view of most of the persons mentioned, and yet her tone was far from being weakly sentimental. Madame de Brives usually remarked that they were coming very soon again to see her, she did them so much good. "The freshness of your judgment—the freshness of your judgment!" she repeated, with a kind of glee, and she narrated that Eléonore (a personage unknown to Raymond) had said that she was a woman of Plutarch. Mrs. Temperly talked a great deal about the health of their friends; she seemed to keep the record of the influenzas and neuralgias of a numerous and susceptible circle. He didn't find it in him quite to agree—the Marquise dropping the statement into his ear at a moment when their hostess was making some inquiry of Mademoiselle Bourde—that she was a nature absolutely marvellous; but he could easily see that to world-worn Parisians her quiet charities of speech and manner, with something quaint and rustic in their form, might be restorative and salutary. She allowed for everything, yet she was so good, and indeed Madame de Brives summed this up, before they left the table, in saying to her, "Oh, you, my dear, your success, more than any other that has ever taken place, has been a *succès de bonté*." Raymond was greatly amused at this idea of Cousin Maria's *succès de bonté*; it seemed to him delightfully Parisian.

Before dinner was over she inquired of him how he had got on "in his profession" since they last met, and he was too proud, or so he thought, to tell her anything but the simple truth, that he hadn't got on very well. If he was to ask her again for Dora, it would be just as he was, an honorable but not particularly successful man, making no show of lures and bribes. "I am not a remarkably good painter," he said. "I judge myself perfectly. And then I have been handicapped at home. I have had a great many serious bothers and worries."

"Ah, we were so sorry to hear about your dear father."

The tone of these words was kind and sincere; still Raymond thought that in this case her *bonté* might have gone a little further. At any rate this was the only allusion that she made to his bothers and worries. Indeed, she always passed over such things lightly; she was an optimist for others as well as for herself, which doubtless had a great deal to do (Raymond indulged in the reflection) with the headway she made in a society tired of its own pessimism.

After dinner, when they went into the drawing-room, the young man noted with complacency that this apartment, vast in itself, communicated with two or three others, into which it would be easy to pass without attracting attention, the doors being replaced by red tapestries, looped up and offering no barrier. With pictures and curiosities all over the place, there were plenty of pretexts for wandering away. He lost no time in asking Dora whether her mother would send Mademoiselle Bourde after them if she were to go with him into one of the other rooms, the same way she had done—didn't she remember?—that last night in New York, at the hotel. Dora didn't admit that she remembered (she was too loyal to her mother for that, and Raymond foresaw that this loyalty would be a source of irritation to him again, as it had been in the past), but he perceived, all the same, that she hadn't forgotten. She raised no difficulty, and a few moments later, while they stood in an adjacent *salon* (he had stopped to admire a bust of Effie, wonderfully living, slim, and juvenile, the work of one of the sculptors who are the pride of contemporary French art), he said to her, looking about him, "How has she done it so fast?"

"Done what, Raymond?"

"Why, done everything. Collected all these wonderful things; become intimate with Madame de Brives and every one else; organized her life—the life of all of you—so brilliantly."

"I have never seen mamma in a hurry," Dora replied.

"Perhaps she will be, now that I have come," Raymond suggested, laughing.

The girl hesitated a moment. "Yes, she was, to invite you—the moment she knew you were here."

"She has been most kind, and I talk like a brute. But I am liable to do worse—I give you notice. She won't like it any more than she did before, if she thinks I want to make up to you."

"Don't, Raymond—don't!" the girl exclaimed, gently, but with a look of sudden pain.

"Don't what, Dora?—don't make up to you?"

"Don't begin to talk of those things. There is no need. We can go on being friends."

"I will do exactly as you prescribe, and heaven forbid I should annoy you! But would you mind answering me a question? It is very particular, very intimate." He stopped, and she only looked at him, saying nothing. So he went on: "Is it an idea of your mother's that you should marry—some person here?" He gave her a chance to reply, but still she was silent, and he continued: "Do you mind telling me this? Could it ever be an idea of your own?"

"Do you mean some Frenchman?"

Raymond smiled. "Some protégé of Madame de Brives."

Then the girl simply gave a slow, sad headshake, which struck him as the sweetest, proudest, most suggestive thing in the world. "Well, well, that's all right," he remarked, cheerfully, and looked again awhile at the bust, which he thought extraordinarily clever. "And haven't *you* been done by one of these great fellows?"

"Oh dear no; only mamma and Effie. But Tishy is going to be, in a month or two. The next time you come you must see her. She remembers you vividly."

"And I remember her that last night, with her reticule. Is she always pretty?"

Dora hesitated a moment. "She is a very sweet little creature, but she is not so pretty as Effie."

"And have none of them wished to do you—none of the painters?"

"Oh, it's not a question of me. I only wish them to let me alone."

"For me it would be a question of you, if you would sit for me. But I dare say your mother wouldn't allow that."

"No, I think not," said Dora, smiling.

She smiled, but her companion looked grave. However, not to pursue the subject, he asked, abruptly, "Who is this Madame de Brives?"

"If you lived in Paris you would know. She is very celebrated."

"Celebrated for what?"

"For everything."

"And is she good—is she genuine?" Raymond asked. Then, seeing something in the girl's face, he added: "I told you I should be brutal again. Has she undertaken to make a great marriage for Effie?"

"I don't know what she has undertaken," said Dora, impatiently.

"And then for Tishy, when Effie has been disposed of?"

"Poor little Tishy!" the girl continued, rather inscrutably.

"And can she do nothing for you?" the young man inquired.

Her answer surprised him—after a moment. "She has kindly offered to exert herself, but it's no use."

"Well, that's good. And who is it the young man comes for—the secretary of embassy?"

"Oh, he comes for all of us!" said Dora, laughing.

"I suppose your mother would prefer a preference," Raymond suggested.

To this she replied, irrelevantly, that she thought they had better go back; but as Raymond took no notice of the recommendation she mentioned that the secretary was no one in particular. At this moment Effie, looking very rosy and happy, pushed through the *portière*, with the news that her sister must come and bid good-by to the Marquise. She was taking her to the Duchess's—didn't Dora remember? To the *bal blanc*—the *sauterie de jeunes filles*.

"I thought we should be called," said Raymond, as they followed Effie; and he remarked that perhaps Madame de Brives would find something suitable at the Duchess's.

"I don't know. Mamma would be very particular," the girl rejoined; and this was said simply, sympathetically, without the least appearance of deflection from that loyalty which Raymond deplored.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.

[*Continued from first page of Supplement.*]

a very decided movement toward greater economy of production has lately been inaugurated among the planters of certain sections. It proposes the erection of co-operative mills, by which the crops from several plantations can be handled at one central point, and thus the expense of separate sugar-houses, which, with their costly machinery, must remain idle for nine or ten months of the year, will be avoided. In many cases among the smaller planters this plan is already practically adopted; for instead of making sugar from their cane, they sell it in the stalk. In this shape it brings from $4 to $5 per ton delivered on the cars, and an acre of these rich lands will produce from twenty to twenty-five tons of cane.

The operations of sugar-making are not complicated, but great care, the exercise of a skilled judgment, and a thorough knowledge of every detail are required to conduct them successfully. It has been frequently asserted and generally believed in the South that nobody not brought up to the business could make money on a sugar plantation. That this is a mistake has recently been proved by a Maine man who first went to Louisiana in 1883, and, without having had any previous experience in cane-raising or sugar-making, has so thoroughly mastered every detail of the business that he is now one of the leading sugar authorities in the State. He is at present manager of the great AMES plantation, which is one of the finest in Louisiana, and from which he makes profitable crops even in the dullest seasons. In the fine mill under his charge the process employed is briefly as follows: The cane, hauled from the fields in tram-cars, is thrown into feeders, which with broad endless belts conduct it to the shredders and crushers. From these the bagasse goes to the furnaces, while the juice is run through a mesh of the finest copper wire. It is next passed through sulphur fumes, which bleach it, and into clarifying pans heated by steam coils. Here it is boiled gently, and the scum of refuse matter rising to the surface is removed. From these it goes into a battery of open pans, and is partially boiled down. The boiling process is completed in vacuum-pans, where it can be conducted at a low temperature and with little danger of burning. The *masse-cuite* is finally received by the centrifugals, which are rotary copper drums or tubes pierced with small holes, and set within other stationary drums, where they revolve with inconceivable rapidity. The effect of this motion is the same as that of a modern steam clothes-wringer, and by it every trace of molasses is thrown out, leaving a residuum of glistening white sugar crystals ready to be barrelled and shipped to the consumer. This is the sweetest and purest sugar made in the world, and fortunate is the house-keeper who is able to obtain a supply of it. From each ton of sugar passed three times through the centrifugals eighty gallons of molasses are extracted.

Amid an unbroken succession of these sugar plantations, occupying the parishes of Ascension, St. John the Baptist, and St. James, in the latter of which the famous Perique tobacco is raised, the train runs swiftly and smoothly over its level road-bed to Baton Rouge. This city of 10,000 inhabitants, the capital of the "Pelican State," is located on the east bank of the Mississippi, 130 miles from New Orleans by water and 89 by rail, on the first spur of high land that is encountered in going north from the seaboard. It was founded about one hundred and fifty years ago, and was the first settlement made in what are called the "Florida Parishes." Until very recently, excepting during sessions of the Legislature, the city has been rather noted for its all-pervading air of languid quiet, and for being a most excellent place in which to rest. Its streets contain many quaint old buildings, and in their nomenclature remind one of a famous preacher's remark regarding New Orleans, of which he said, "Its streets are all saints, and its people all sinners." Of the State buildings, the Capitol, a battlemented, Gothic-windowed structure of Elizabethan style, placed on a slight eminence close beside the railway station, is the most unique and picturesque. The most beautiful and attractive grounds within the city limits are those of the Louisiana University and Agricultural College, which were formerly occupied as a United States military station, but have been presented by the general government to the State. They crown a high bluff at the northern end of the city, overlooking it, the river, and an extended sweep of country, are shaded by superb oaks, and contain a number of substantial and commodious buildings. The opening of the Louisville, New Orleans, and Texas Railway through the valley of the Mississippi has infused new life into the sleepy old French town, and it is rapidly awakening to the full sense of its own importance as a commercial centre, and its many advantages as a manufacturing point. It already controls a large trade on both sides of the river, in the parishes of Ascension, East and West Baton Rouge, Livingston, East and West Feliciana, Iberville, and Pointe Coupée, and this is rapidly increasing. It is also the distributing market of a large extent of country unsurpassed for truck farming and the raising of early fruits for Northern cities. Although this industry is still in its infancy, the results already attained promise to make it a large and profitable business.

Baton Rouge is one of the direct beneficiaries of the New Orleans Exposition of 1884. At that time Mr. C. S. **Burt**, an Iowa man, who attended the exposition as an exhibitor of machinery, became greatly interested in cypress lumber. He was so impressed with its value as a substitute for white pine, and with the vast quantities of this timber growing in Louisiana, that he determined to exchange his Northern home for one in the South, and establish a mill for its manufacture. With Mr. W. L. **Burton**, a Southern man, he founded the Burton Lumber Company, and they selected Baton Rouge as the best point in the State for their purpose. Here they built their mills, and to-day they probably transact a more extensive business in cypress lumber than any other one firm. Their saw-mill has a daily capacity of 60,000 feet, their planing-mill turns out 50,000 feet of dressed timber, and their shingle-mill makes 200,000 shingles per day. Besides this important industry, Baton Rouge contains a large cotton-seed oil mill, a well-equipped ice factory, brick-yards that turn out 50,000 brick per day, a cotton compress, four cotton-gins, several cooperages for making sugar barrels from cypress staves, a foundery, machine and boiler shops, and a sugar refinery, which is its latest acquisition in the line of manufacturing industries. The Baton Rouge Sugar-refining Company, organized in 1885 with a capital of $110,000, completed a fine six-story building last year, which is now ready to receive and refine its share of this year's sugar crop.

In addition to the Capitol and the buildings of the University, those owned by the State and located at Baton Rouge are a penitentiary, which a few years ago was considered the finest and most perfectly equipped in the country, a deaf-and-dumb asylum, a blind asylum, and a fine gubernatorial mansion. Although Baton Rouge has thus far taken but a minor part in the universal song of industry now echoing throughout the South, her voice is steadily gaining in strength and volume. It is already heard in remote sections of the North, calling settlers to the rich lands surrounding her, laborers to her newly established industries, and promising to all an abundant recompense for invested capital or honest toil.

Kirk Munroe.

THE LAND OF THE MOUNSEER.

BY MAX O'RELL.

THE FRENCH IN LEADING-STRINGS.

The national character of the French has greatly altered since the disasters of 1870, and no one need wonder at it. They have become more susceptible; they are now the most sensitive people on earth. The rage for equality is often manifested by a ferocious jealousy of those who rise, either in literature, the fine arts, or politics. All these are failings that we possessed before the Franco-German war, but in a much lesser degree.

What has not changed, fortunately, is the character of the French women—I mean especially the women of the people.

Good society is much alike everywhere—like hotels; it is a question of more or less manners in the former, of more or less fleas in the latter. Good society in France is no exception to the rule. No more are the hotels—far the contrary. But what is there to be learned in what is termed "high society" except gossip from club smoking-rooms and from boudoirs, which might, perhaps, furnish a few pages of *Scandalous Chronicle?* It is the people who preserve the traditions of a country; therefore it is the middle classes, the working classes in town and country, that the observer must turn to. If you wish to study the manners of any nation, take third-class tickets. There is little or nothing to be picked up in a first-class carriage.

That the French women of the upper classes are the leaders of fashion all over the world everybody knows, but I cannot pass them over without dwelling upon the reason why our best men are still at the feet of our women.

"If I were queen," said Madame Récamier one day, "I would command Madame de Staël to talk to me all day long;" and a contemporary of this celebrated authoress relates how he and some friends of his were driving with her one day, and were suddenly surprised by a violent storm bursting over their heads without their having noticed a sign of its gathering, so absorbing were the charm and vivacity of her conversation. There are plenty of French women of whom similar things might be said. From the seventeenth century they have continued to hand down this charming sovereignty of converse. Mother bequeaths it to daughter, or it is transmitted in the blood, and, to my mind, this is what chiefly distinguishes them from the women of other countries. In spite of telegraph and railways, in spite of politics, which in these days absorb all ranks of French society, people still *causent* in France, and this, thanks to French women. Excuse me for using the word *causer*, but you have no equivalent for it in English. *Chat* is perhaps the nearest approach to it, but even that fails to render its meaning. A *causerie* is marked not only by interest of subject, but also by a lightness of touch which the French language eminently lends itself to.

It is true that here and there you will come across a French woman, bitten with new-fangled notions, discoursing of politics, the moral and intellectual progress of the people, social emancipation, and other tedious topics; but such black sheep are rare; the great majority are content to play their natural part, to be the ornaments of society, to bring to social intercourse the tact, grace, and harmony which form its chief redeeming points, and without which life would become, if not insupportable, very near akin to that of the savages.

Can you imagine a drawing-room attractive without the presence of ladies? Have you never noticed that, left to themselves, the most clever men fall into argumentation? that their oratory fails to interest or convince you, and that there is a general feeling of coldness and restraint? But let a woman come in, a woman of taste, and gayety comes with her; conversation becomes animated and attractive. It runs gracefully from one subject into another, like a butterfly from spray to spray. It touches each lightly, rises to high thoughts, comes to earth again, passing from lofty to lowly subject, from grave to gay, with infinite meanders. Every one is moved to show himself at his best, and draws from his vocabulary his choicest expressions, his happiest reflections, surpasses himself, and is surprised to find himself inspired as by a muse. Just now they were killing time; now every one is enjoying himself. All constraint is gone, each one gives free expression to his thoughts. In a word, just now they were talking; now they *causent.* And in taking leave of their hostess they might repeat the expression that a certain courtly *abbé* of the eighteenth century used in speaking to a *grande dame* who had communicated to him something of her irresistible spirit, "Madame, I am but an instrument on which you have played with skill."

So much for the French women of the upper classes.

Now let us pass on to the different working classes of society. There, too, we find woman's sovereignty indisputable, and the men in leading-strings. In the French household the woman is queen. Her empire over her children is perfect, and she leads her husband by the nose. He does not complain of this; on the contrary, he enjoys it, and he thinks that, after all, much worse might happen to him. The wife knows all her husband's affairs, and when he has a few savings to invest he does not think it beneath him to ask her advice. She knows, as well as he, the current price of stocks at the Bourse, and if he should be seized with a pruriency to embark in speculation, she brings to bear all her influence over him to induce him to buy consols or any other government securities. Call on her husband on business, and if he is from home, you will not need to make a second visit on that account; she has all the affairs of the firm at her fingers' end. She is the goddess of economy and order. Every little *bourgeoise* keeps a memorandum-book in which she writes down all her expenses. Nothing is forgotten, not even the half-penny to the blind beggar who plays the flute at the street corner.

The French woman has a genius for cookery, and is thoroughly awake to the fact that it is good policy in married life to see that Monsieur dines well. The politics of matrimony is a science inborn in our women. Let a French woman be rich or poor—the mistress of a mansion in the Champs Élysées or of a poor fifth-floor little flat at Montmartre or Batignolles—she has always the charm of feminality. She is always smart, always alert, and has a little fluttering, bustling way with her that is bound to keep awake your interest in all she does. She may be sometimes a little affected, but she is never vulgar. On Sundays and holidays she dresses still a little more elegantly than usual, but she never appears to be in Sunday clothes. The middle-class French woman is lady-like, not only in her dress, but in her speech. You will never see her loaded with cheap jewelry, this great stamp of vulgarity, and when she speaks to you, you cannot guess whether she is the wife of a gentleman or of a small tradesman.

Notice that she often changes the style of her hair. That is because she knows that love lives on trifles, and that the best dishes become insipid if they are always served with the same sauce. Even if her stock of clothes is scanty, her clever brain and fingers help her to cover its deficiencies by constant little changes. With two or three dresses in her possession, the dear little humbug will make you believe that she has a well-filled wardrobe.

I have often in England heard French women called frivolous. But this is the height of absurdity, and in my quality of Frenchman surely I ought to be as good a judge of the point as the English tourist. How can French women, who are perhaps, of all women in the world, the most initiated into the affairs of their husbands, be frivolous? If frivolity consists in trying to remain young and attractive as long as possible without becoming ridiculous, then the French *bourgeoise* is frivolous. If, again, frivolity consists in making a home cheerful and gay, and preventing a husband from being absorbed by the cares of business, then she is frivolous. But this is nonsense. Is she frivolous, this women who is the friend and confidante of her husband—who, in important matters as well as in the smallest, has both a consultative and deliberative voice in the household? It is she who knows, with her economy and good management, how to face the danger when, from one cause or another, the family revenue diminishes; it is she who knows, with her energy, how to ward off ruin from her threshold. If this woman were frivolous, how could you explain the adoration for the mother which, even to the lowest of the low, you find in French children? How could this be, unless she were the example of all domestic virtues? If a Frenchman of forty would hesitate to take an important step in life without first consulting his mother, surely it must be that he recognizes in her a wise guide. It would be mere naïvety on my part to dwell longer on this absurd charge of frivolity.

Take now the shop-keeping classes. There you will see the wife the active partner of her husband. Behold them both as the commercial traveller displays his goods on the counter. The wife is supreme. Her objections are without appeal, her opinion final. It is she who generally has charge of the books and the cash-box, and neither books nor cash were ever intrusted to better guardianship. She is not a mere house-keeper, with or without wages; she is the partner, not merely a sleeping partner. This not only enables her to be of great help to her husband, but it also enables her, if she happens to become a widow, to carry on the business without her husband, to be independent, and to bring up her children. She has not, to obtain her living on her husband's death, to become a working house-keeper or a nurse; she is the mistress of her own house as before, and now the head of the firm. In her shop she is most polite and *empressée*, but never servile, and if you wish her to take you for a gentleman, don't keep your hat on while you are engaged with her in a commercial transaction. I have still present in my memory the little following anecdote. A well-dressed man once entered a perfumer's shop where I was purchasing a pair of gloves. Keeping his hat on all the time, he addressed the perfumer's wife in a most off-hand manner. But what exasperated the dear woman was that, after inquiring about the price of some score of articles, he prepared to retire, saying, "He didn't think he wanted anything." "I think you do," replied the woman, who was not to be wholly without a revenge; "you want a few lessons in politeness, at all events."

It is said that Louis XIV., the most haughty and magnificent monarch of modern times, used to lift his hat even to the female servants of his court. If so, no man need think that he derogates from his dignity by keeping his hat off in a respectable shop when he is served by a woman.

I might say a word or two on the drawbacks of the influence of women on Frenchmen, but there is no doubt that this influence has polished our manners. Even in business intercourse politeness is not banished. In England, for instance, checks are marked "Pay to." In France they are worded, "*Veuillez payer*"—"Please to pay," "Kindly pay," etc.

You cannot obtain a perfect notion of French industry unless you pay a visit to our peasantry. I must say that now the woman ceases to be attractive. She does not even attempt to look so. Sunburnt, hale, and hearty, behold her, dear English tourist, that is the fortune of France. She does not wear fringes on her forehead, I will admit; she does not wear flounces on a second-hand skirt, or a hat with flowers and feathers, and she totally ignores shilling diamonds. She has a coarse serge gown on and simple snowy cap. She is clean and tidy, and the personification of industry. I do not doubt, however, that, thanks to the blessings of gratuitous and compulsory education, the time will soon come when she will want to imitate the ladies of the town in her habits and dress, and that her sons will despise the dear land where they were born, and will all want to be clerks, and swagger in town with high stand-up collars, tight trousers, and sticks. Thank goodness, this sickening spectacle is not yet to be seen in France!

This good, hard-working, thrifty woman is the backbone of the country. The amount of work she can get through is simply prodigious. You will always see her busy, either working in her field, selling the produce of her little farm in the market-place of the nearest town, or engaged about her little household. Whether she takes her cow to the field, or is on her way to town, whether she is sitting behind her wares waiting for customers, or in a railway station waiting for her train, look at her fingers busy on a pair of stockings. She does not know what it is to be idle for a single moment. She has never left her dear village, and for her the world is made up of her "three acres and a cow." But she has got them, and, thanks to her frugal habits and splendid management, her family can live and thrive on them. She is not attractive, but she is a picture of health and contentment. Shares and bonds may go up or down without disturbing her peace; she holds none. She trusts her savings to nobody. Bankers, she thinks, company directors, and stock-brokers may be very respectable persons, but when the old stocking is swollen with five-franc pieces, she rounds off her little family domain and buys a new field—something she is quite sure to find in its place when she wakes up in the morning. Her daughter goes into service and makes a capital servant. Like her mother, she thinks but of one thing—saving her wages. She does not get a new hat every month to get photographed in it. She puts her money in the savings-bank.

Let me give you an example of her frugality, and allow me to take it from a personal recollection. My mother has a house-maid who has been with her twenty-five years. Not long ago, while in France, I took aside this old servant. "I know how devoted you have been to my mother," I said to her. "You are not strong, and I dare say you will not wish to go into service again; but make yourself easy about this. If anything should happen to my mother, I shall see that you are comfortable for the rest of your life. But," I said, inquiringly, "I have no doubt you have something of your own by this time?" Imagine my surprise when I heard her tell me she had saved over 10,000 francs (between $2000 and $2500), all well invested, including one share in the Suez Canal Company.

Since I have mentioned the Suez Canal, why should I not take the opportunity for trying to explain the uneasiness that is now being created in France by the British policy in Egypt? You must bear in mind that the Suez Canal was not made by big capitalists. It was made by the savings-bank of France—by the "old stockings"; that is to say, by the small *bourgeois*, the working people, and the servants. When we reflect that the riches of France derive from the economy imposed upon every French household by the women, I might even say that the Suez Canal is the work of the French women. This canal is essentially a national enterprise, and the least French mechanic will tell you "*we* have made the Suez Canal." You will find very few French families possessing so many as ten shares. They are spread all over the country. Well, let a few unscrupulous journalists attempt to prove to the people that the English want to annex or *protect* Egypt in order to seize on the Suez Canal, and you will easily imagine the effect. What a pity it seems that nations can only talk to other nations through their political press! What a pity it is that the British people cannot let their French neighbors know in plain words that they admire them for the gigantic work they have made, and that they will never dream of being connected with the Suez Canal otherwise than as good customers to help them get good dividends!

These same women of France did something grander than this. It was they who redeemed their beloved country, and paid off the Prussian sixteen years ago.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

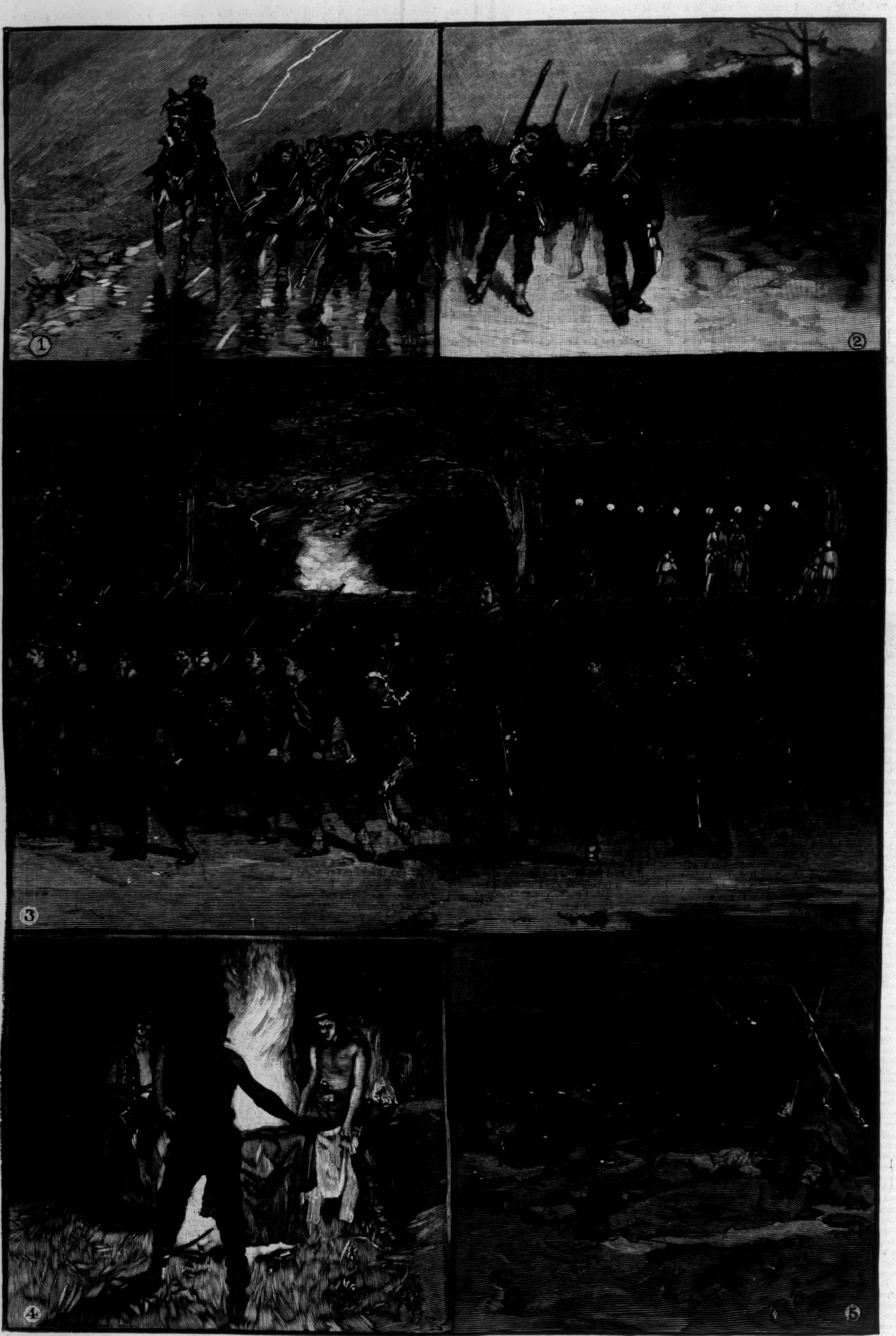
Any one who desires all the effects of an ocean voyage except sea-sickness can have them to a certain degree in the Isles of Shoals. Their name was given them probably because it comprehends them; for they are not all always islands, and there are some of the nine that cannot be called shoals. Appledore and Star islands are entitled to be termed islands, though some jutting parts of them are dangerous shoals in low-water, while Smutty Nose, which has destroyed many a tall ship, is little else than a shoal. In low-water most of it and most of the larger number of the group lie snugly, just below the top of the waves, in wait for their prey, and when the tide is out their dripping weed-covered sides are the resting-place of innumerable gulls. There are interesting points about the islands that have some connection with the people who were born and bred here. Star Island is blessed with a fishing hamlet called Gosport, which is inhabited by a people whose nature is like the rocks, in the crevices of which the soil has been enriched by the fostering sun, so that there is verdure even in these hard-cased fortresses that always front the storming seas.

Gosport holds one of the quaintest churches in all New England, and some of the quaintest of people. The latter are very like those one finds at Newcastle, nine miles off, on the main-land, at the mouth of Portsmouth Harbor. For much the larger part of the year they live in the midst of tempests that seem to fortify and dignify their character rather than harden it. The people who live so close to nature's strongest manifestations have a large way of comprehending their monotonous existence, and few communities are more interesting than those of Gosport and Newcastle. Then there are the annual visitors, who have been going to Appledore and Star islands time out of mind, and whose faces are as familiar as the white light-house, with its long trestle-work, which can be seen long before the low dark rocks of the shoals come in sight. Of course all who come here go to visit **Celia Thaxter**, a native of Appledore, and who has sung the rocks into poetry, or the spot where **William Hunt** met his untimely end. The one little steam-boat which is permitted to touch at the wharf brings many clever people to the hotels of the two largest islands in the course of a season.

Three miles out at sea is nearly as good as a hundred to one who wants salt air, the smell of the ocean, and all the varied water-scapes that are tossed into being by the winds and waters. One may lie in quiet spots between the rocks of the middle ground (it cannot be said that any one of the islands has an interior), and see the sea on every side, nothing but water from horizon to horizon. Oftenest the seas off the north shore are calm at this time of the year, but occasionally there are tempests which hint at what happens in the long winter nights when the hotels and cottages are shut up, and nobody is on these bleak rocks except the few guardians of the property and the fishermen and their families of odd little Gosport.

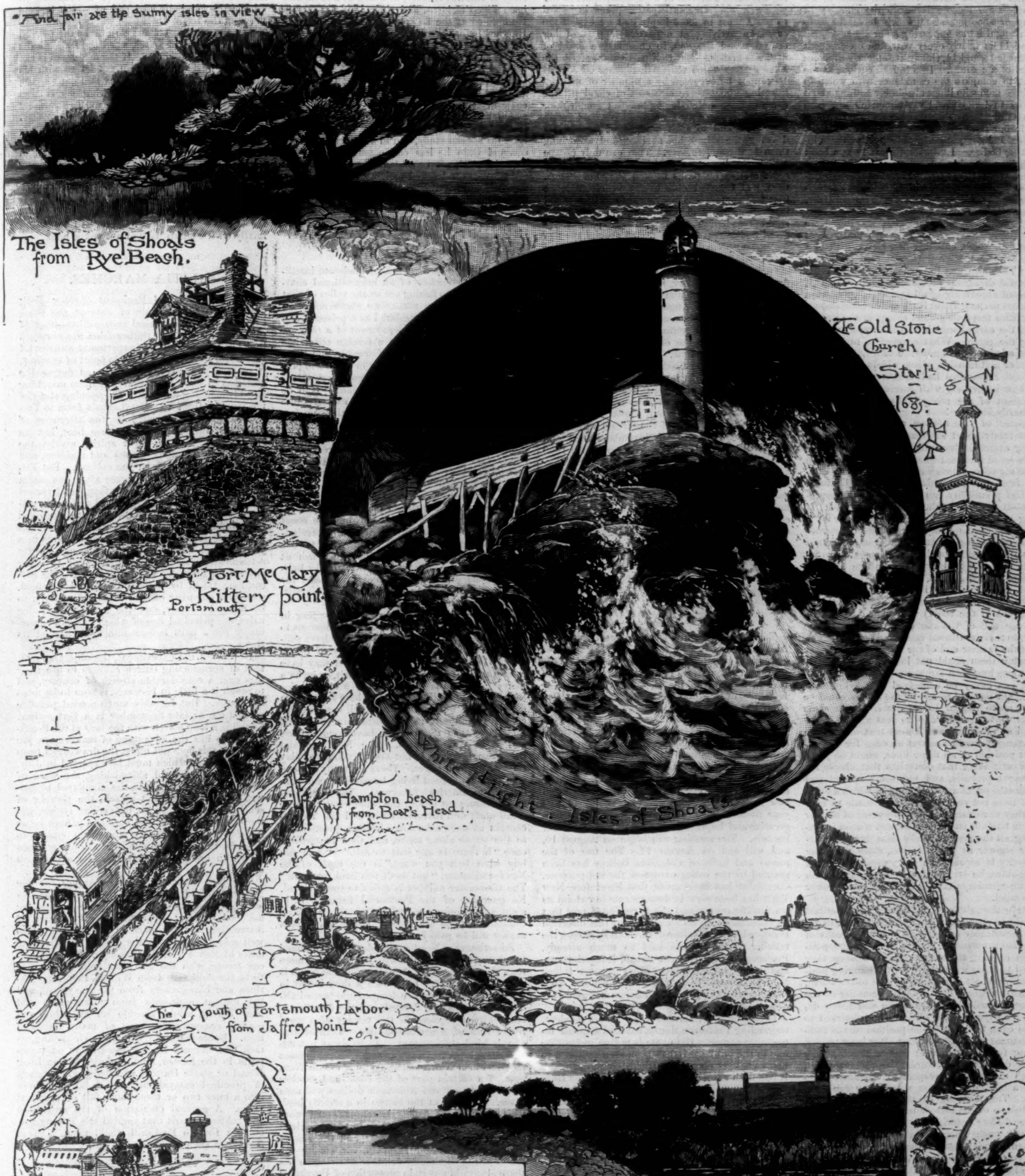
There are more than the delights of the sea to be enjoyed at the Isles of Shoals. Opposite Appledore is a high bluff crowned by a big white hotel, the mouth of Portsmouth Harbor, and the unfinished walls of the granite fort, about the last of the antique and antiquated works of defence which the government undertook. Work on it was abandoned long ago, and now it looks like a gray old ruin. A skeleton derrick looms above it, adding grewsomeness to the picture, and through the port-holes which have never received their expected guns the red sunsets pour uninterrupted.

Behind the half-completed fort are the roofs and steeples of old-fashioned, historic Portsmouth, where some of the fine old houses of this aristocratic colonial town are still to be seen. Far down the coast are the beaches of Rye and Hampton, and the protruding Little Boar Head. The shores immediately opposite the Isles of Shoals are very peaceful. There are the bending beaches which make a great white horseshoe in front of the hotels, and the low-lying forests that reach up from the New Hampshire side of Ipswich Bay. The rocky Cape Ann coast can be seen only on the clearest days, but at night one looking south can see only the shining twins on Thatcher's Island, and hear only the sounding of the surf. At Star Island there is a great rock called Caswell's, almost as high and beautiful as the Swallows' Cave at Nahant. There is no cave, but the rock hides almost every other bit of solid earth from one who stands or sits under its overhanging top, except the pebbly beach at its foot, and there, while the gulls scream about it and the waves raised by a northeast storm break all around it, one is as close to the mighty ocean as it is possible to be on shore.



THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y., ON THE MARCH TO PEEKSKILL.—Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.—[See Page 582.]

1. Drenched with Rain. 2. Blinded with Dust. 3. Festal Demonstrations at Nightfall. 4. Clothes-drying under Difficulties. 5. Night in Camp.


"And fair are the sunny isles in view"
The Isles of Shoals from Rye Beach.
Fort McClary Kittery point. Portsmouth
The Old Stone Church, Star Id. 1685
White Light. Isles of Shoals
Hampton beach from Boar's Head.
The Mouth of Portsmouth Harbor from Jaffrey point.
Old Fort Point. Portsmouth.
St Andrews by the Sea Rye Beach.
Cliffs & profile. Star. Id.
Boar's head.

A BIT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE COAST.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 579.]

SHOWERS OF FALLING-STARS.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Few discoveries of stranger or in a sense quainter interest have ever been made in astronomy than those relating to the showers of falling or shooting stars which have for ages been recognized as appearing on or about August 10 and 11 in nearly every year, and on or about November 13 and 14, chiefly at intervals of about a third of a century. It is indeed curious at the outset to compare the confidence with which in old times men who knew absolutely nothing about meteors told the world what meteors are, with the steadily increasing caution shown by those who in our time have learned a number of most striking and suggestive facts respecting these interesting bodies. I take up, for example, a book which in my boyhood I supposed to be written by one learned in astronomic lore, all whose statements might be accepted with confidence—*Astrography, or the Heavens Displayed*, by John Grey, teacher of mathematics, 1810—and there I read that "falling-stars are exhalations raised up from different bodies on the earth by the heat of the sun, which, catching fire, shoot forth in a blaze till the matter they contained is burned up." This also was the account given in those wonderful dialogues or catechisms, in which A, possessed apparently of all knowledge, was wont to impart to the trustful B all sorts of stupendous absurdities respecting most things in the heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters or fires under the earth. What a relief to turn to the honest admission of ignorance of a Lagrange, an Arago, or a Humboldt, whose widely ranging yet profound researches had taught them year by year how immensely with increasing knowledge the extent of the recognizedly unknown must necessarily increase!

Olmsted, of Yale College, was the first to reason correctly about showers of falling-stars occurring at particular dates, and also respecting the observed fact that when there is a shower, all the falling-stars belonging to it have tracks radiating from one particular part of the heavens. This last peculiarity can have but one interpretation—it means that the tracks are parallel. If a long room, resembling, say, the interior of a railway car, have not only four parallel edges running along its length, but a number of other lines on its walls, ceiling, and floor, all parallel to its length, and if different parts of these lines be supposed luminous, then, if all other light be excluded, these luminous lines (of many different lengths, and situated at many different parts of the length of the room) will appear to an eye near one end of the room and directed to the other, to radiate without exception from the middle of the farther end of the room. An observer so seeing them could not indeed be absolutely sure those luminous streaks were really parallel, for it can easily be conceived that a luminous streak not parallel to any of the others could be so set as to appear to radiate from the same point. But an observer who sees a great number all so radiating, and knows that one simple arrangement would account at once for the apparent position of all those lines, would be justified in concluding that doubtless that simple arrangement prevails, and not some special and complicated set of arrangements by which a number of lines not really parallel are made to look as if they were parallel. The observer of meteor showers has not only this sufficient reason for regarding all the meteor tracks seen during a particular shower as parallel; but, since the same peculiarity is repeated in every great display of falling-stars, he is justified in concluding with absolute certainty that the tracks in each shower are parallel.

But, further, showers of falling-stars often last a considerable time, during which the earth rotates measurably on her axis. If the tracks of the meteors remained always in the same position in our air, the radiant point whence they seemed to come would keep an unchanging position with respect to the horizon. If to the north, and thirty degrees high, at the beginning of the display, it would be to the north and thirty degrees high throughout. This is not observed to be the case, however. The position of the radiant changes markedly as hour after hour passes, moving from east to west just as the heavenly bodies do. In other words, the radiant point, though moving with respect to the horizon, retains a constant position among the constellations. The meaning of this is obvious. The parallelism of the meteor tracks belongs to their motion before entering our air. Their direction of entry, unchanging in reality during the whole time the display lasts, naturally seems to change with respect to the terrestrial observer, since the earth in rotating presents that part of her surface where he is situated in a constantly changing position with respect to the in-rushing meteors. If a score of closely banded Trojans, standing afar off, pour in their spears on the well-shielded Ajax Telamon, these spears come in upon the Greek warrior on nearly parallel courses; but if, as the spears stream in, Ajax sways round his seven-fold shield of tough bull-hide, they will strike its surface at varying angles.

Thus, then, was Olmsted enabled confidently to assert that falling-stars are not emanations from the earth, but reach our earth either in streams or sporadically from outside. From the comparatively rough estimates of meteoric velocities made in his day he was able to show that in all probability the meteors reach our earth with planetary velocities; that is, with velocities to be measured by miles per second, and generally ranging from five to thirty-five miles per second. But the occurrence of showers on particular dates gave Olmsted a decisive argument. Consider the confident expectation entertained to-day by astronomers that on or about the 10th of August we shall see a number of falling-stars whose directions, radiating from the northern constellation, will show that they belong to the August meteors, or "tears of St. Lawrence": what does such an expectation imply? August 10 is a day of the year; a day, therefore, marking the earth's arrival at a particular part of her yearly circuit. Our anticipations, then, in regard to the August meteors imply that we expect the earth, on arriving at a particular part of her course round the sun, to encounter a flight of meteoric bodies. But that particular spot in the solar system which the earth reaches on August 10 cannot be occupied by a number of meteors hovering about there in a sort of cloud till the earth in her yearly circuit plunges through their midst. The sun's potent attraction would quickly put an end to such a flight of meteors by drawing them into his surface, and absorbing them finally and forever. They can only escape a fate of this sort as the planets do, namely, by swift motion on paths around the sun. Thus, then, was Olmsted able to say with confidence that falling-stars—at any rate those which travel in numbers so as to produce the phenomena of showers radiating from particular points—are small bodies travelling in flights around the sun —"pocket planets," as Humboldt quaintly called them.

Olmsted naturally fell into many mistakes in developing this theory, but he laid its foundation in a perfectly sound and solid fashion. We know now that the August meteors travel in the track of a comet, last seen in 1862, whose path takes more than a century in circuiting, and extends far beyond the orbit of the farthermost known planet, Neptune. The famous November meteors (called the Leonides, because they radiate from a part of the constellation Leo) travel in a path extending about twenty millions of miles beyond the orbit of Uranus, and travel in a period of thirty-three and a quarter years, insomuch that the part of the stream which produced the fine display of Novembers 1866 and 1867 will not return to the earth's orbit till 1900 and 1901, nor actually approach the earth herself (the quarter-year being considered) till three more circuits have been made, in the years 2000 and 2001 respectively. It is strange to think that bodies once confidently believed to be terrestrial emanations travel thus on orbits so vast that the dimensions of the earth, the distance of the moon—nay, even the vast distance of the sun—seem insignificant by comparison.

AMERICAN SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The migratory character of the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has doubtless contributed much to their success. All parts of the country have been thus brought within the wholesome and inspiring influence of the organization. The association itself has probably been a large gainer also. A membership of over two thousand certainly speaks for wide interest in its affairs. What individual enterprise centred in one point could hardly have accomplished has been brought about by individual enterprise centred in many points. The radii of influence have each year penetrated into new fields, while the circumferences have embraced new and larger territory. New York will this year possess the privilege of having these progressive and inquiring minds gathered within her borders. The meeting will begin on August 10, and will end on August 17. The use of the rooms and halls of Columbia College has been granted by the college trustees for the purpose. Complaint has been made that heretofore New York has been slow to demonstrate her claim as a scientific centre, and she is reminded now that an opportunity to do something in this direction is offered her. Professor Edward S. Morse, the retiring President, has said as much already. Professor Morse is from Salem, Massachusetts, and probably appreciates what greater things New York ought to do when he remembers what things ancient and neglected Salem has alone accomplished.

Professor S. P. Langley, the new President, succeeding Professor Morse, has had a rather interesting career. His name is not an unfamiliar one to the public. It has been seen attached to many striking magazine articles on the sun, and it has been associated with solar eclipses. He is now acting as President of the Smithsonian Institution, filling that office during the illness of Professor Spencer F. Baird. He may be called a Boston man by birth, having been born in Roxbury (now Boston), August 22, 1834, and he was educated at the Boston Latin School. He became deeply interested in astronomy and civil engineering, from which latter he drifted into architecture. The years 1864 and 1865 he spent in Europe. Returning home, he taught astronomy at Harvard, Annapolis (the Naval Academy), and Pittsburgh. Owing to the prevailing smoke of Pittsburgh he was in a degree obliged to limit his astronomical studies in that town to the sun, which alone of the heavenly bodies is powerful enough to penetrate with its rays the blackness. These studies have become famous. He has lectured before the Royal Institution of London, and in 1882 he was invited to address the British Association at its Southampton meeting.

Professor F. W. Putnam, the permanent Secretary of the Association, has held that office since 1873. It may thus be seen how large a share of the Association work has fallen to his direction. When first chosen to the office the members numbered scarcely 500, against the present 2000 strong. Professor Putnam is now serving his fourth term. Like Professor Morse, he is a citizen of Salem; in Salem also he was born—April 16, 1839. His mind turned to science very early, and the scientific spirit in Salem gave a strong impulse to this taste. He was made a member of the Essex Institute when only sixteen years old, and a year later was made its curator of ornithology and its cabinet keeper. His advances thenceforth were rapid and noteworthy. Last May he became President of the Boston Society of Natural History, of which he had already been Vice-President, and since 1856 a member. He studied at the Lawrence Scientific School of Harvard before the war, under Agassiz. He was made Superintendent of the East India Museum at Salem in 1867, and later Director of the Peabody Academy of Sciences. In 1875 he became Curator of the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, and last January was elected to the Harvard chair of American Archæology and Ethnology, which had been established under the trust of George Peabody. Archæology has for years been his special study, and in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio he has conducted important explorations. He is a member or a correspondent of twenty-seven learned societies in this country, and of five in Europe. His published scientific papers number 239.

BUYING BAIT AND CATCHING CAPELIN.

It must seem to a person of moderate intelligence that restrictions of an international character in regard to fishing are as the relics of that barbarous age when a mariner shipwrecked on a foreign coast was considered as a prisoner, and only to be released on the payment of a ransom. The subject of fishing on a foreign coast has been in all times a source of trouble, and there is probably no civilized country in the world possessing a sea-coast where fishermen exercise their calling that disputes are not constant. If it be conceded that a country's limits extend three miles out to sea beyond the coast, then no foreign fisherman can ply his calling within that limit. It would be impossible, however, for any government, unless supplied with a great number of fast vessels, to guard any very extended line of coast so as to prevent foreigners from fishing. The Provincial government has no such flotilla, but in order to prevent American fishermen from exercising their calling, it will not allow bait to be caught by us within the coast limits, and has issued stringent orders precluding their own people from selling bait to our fishermen. As cod, halibut, and other fish at certain times can only be taken with hooks baited with the capelin, it becomes a necessity for our fishermen to supply themselves with this bait, or to give up the business.

There are other restrictions as to landing in Provincial ports which are exceedingly onerous to our fishermen. A fisherman who may have sailed from New England with a supply of home-caught bait may have had it spoil or may have used it up. He must have more bait, or incur a heavy loss. He is willing to pay a round price for bait, quite indifferent as to where it has been caught. He would, had he dared, have caught capelin for himself inshore within the Provincial limits, but then there might have come seizure and legal complications. The Newfoundland fisherman, however, is not always willing to play the dog in the manger. There are many of them who pick up a good living by catching and selling bait to American fishermen. The Gloucester smack comes up before the wind close to some small craft of Provincial build, and the Yankee captain at once asks some leading questions as to the watch along shore, and then inquires at once "if there is any bait to sell." "You can buy what bait you want," is the reply of the Newfoundlander, "but don't you haul for none." The Gloucester skipper is quick to comprehend. No guardian of the Provincial fisheries is in sight, and at once a bargain is struck. So many thousand capelin are wanted, and just so much money will be paid for them.

Sometimes the Newfoundlander will be inclined to take advantage of the situation, and ask more than the bait is worth, but generally the result is a satisfactory one. In a trice a dory is put in the water, the capelin are dumped into her, a half-dozen loads may be carried, and the Newfoundland skipper rejoices in the receipt of a good round sum of American dollars. Transactions of this kind are constant. As likely as not the Yankee skipper has made an arrangement to meet that identical Newfoundlander in a month from now off a certain part of the coast, and another transfer of bait and American dollars will take place. Looking at the matter in a strictly business sense, these fishery enactments are more detrimental to the British than to the American fisheries. How to get the better of them is no difficult task for our skippers, for among the crews of the Gloucester or other American boats there always is a certain proportion of Provincial fishermen. It never is right to defy any established laws; but just as excessive duties make smuggling, so do these rigorous fishery enactments engender the methods of breaking them. It is not the evasion of the laws which is so much to be deprecated as that they breed bad blood, and tend to lower the moral standard of the fishermen of both sections.

The question of bait is obviously one of great importance. The best fishing implements can be supplied, but if bait is wanting, fishing is impossible. As the United States Fish Commission has expressed it, "On its abundance or scarcity depends largely the success or failure of the season's work." Though cod is generally supposed to be omnivorous, still experience shows that they are sometimes dainty in their choice of food. If they have been glutted with squid, they may tire of it, and want herring, or menhaden, or decline all of these, and only care for the capelin (*Mallotus villosus*). The usual bait for cod is clams, herring, sometimes frozen squid, fresh or salted menhaden, and the capelin. In one of Mr. Hayward's sketches may be seen Newfoundland fishermen hard at work securing the capelin, which is to be sold to the American bankers. At times these small fish swim along the coast of North America. They can be dipped out with a bucket. The figure to the extreme left is using one of the oldest forms of net. It is a net weighted with leaden balls, one end of which is held between the teeth, while with the hands the fisherman throws it. The art is to make the net fall perfectly flat on the water, when the leaden balls close the net as it sinks. If the fisherman is not up to the business, and does not let go with his mouth at the right time, he may pull out a tooth. There are gangs inshore working good-sized seines. It is "make hay while the sun shines." Evidently there is more than one Yankee fisherman awaiting bait. Sometimes the crew of the Yankee skipper will undertake the job of getting their own supply of capelin, quite indifferent to the risk they run. While capelin swarm on the bays, gulfs, and streams which wash the Provincial coasts and the islands, they will be caught, and when secured, what the natives have no use for themselves will be transferred to our skippers for a money consideration, and will be found finally on the sharp barb of a Yankee hook.

MILITIA MARCHES.

The Twenty-second Regiment of New York prefaced its week's tour of duty at the State camp this year by a novel undertaking—that of marching all the way thither from the northern limits of the city. If the experiment was not all that could have been desired in point of comfort, it realized to a perhaps unexpected degree the ambition to know what practical route marching and bivouacking are like. The opening stage of the journey, from Van Cortlandt's farm to Tarrytown, was accomplished on the afternoon of Thursday, July 28, under intense heat, but on shady roads, in high good spirits, amidst the plaudits of on-looking youths and maidens, and with no falling out from the column. But Friday added to the heat a severe afternoon storm of rain that drenched the command, and turned the roads to mire. It was a tired and mud-spattered body that plodded through to Peekskill that night, and the taste of campaigning had been more realistic than had seemed likely in a journey over beaten roads and through thrifty settlements, whose people turned out to cheer and set off fireworks at the spectacle. The precautions taken by Colonel Camp and his field, staff, and company officers caused the march to be made in safety, and the arrangements for halts, the principal one of which gave an opportunity for a bath before dinner, diminished its rigors.

Reviewing the experiment, the object sought, that of accustoming citizen soldiers to use their legs over a considerable stretch of country, and to rough it a little in bivouacs, is seen to be most admirable. But for this much-needed practice early June or late September is a better time. Coupling a long march with the tour at the Peekskill camp has the advantage of making one job of it, but this does not offset the drawbacks from excessive heat which must be expected in July. Constant and careful skirmishing, the work of advance and rear guards, the simulated protection of wagons against attack, the posting of sentinels at night in an unfamiliar region, and the duties of patrols and outposts, cannot be as fruitfully practised when the main enemy to fight is the mercury, and when considerations of health under the broiling sun dominate all others.

The best form of practice marches for the National Guard would perhaps be furnished in autumn manœuvres. An October "marching out" would finely supplement the July camp of instruction, and no place in the country is so well suited for this as the region including the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Their numerous troops, with the garrisons from the harbor forts, the engineers from Willet's Point, the marines and blue-jackets from the Navy-yard, and the nearest regiments from Connecticut and New Jersey, would provide an available and quickly concentrated force of many thousand men. Route marching, camping, skirmishing, attack and defence in line, movements on transports in the harbor, landing under fire on Long Island or above Harlem, and many other details of practical campaigning, could be condensed into a busy two or three days full of practical value. A general emulation of the enterprise and soldierly spirit that carried the Twenty-second on foot to Peekskill would make a great success of such manœuvres.

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Joshua Marvel," "Golden Grain," "Grif," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

CURL-PAPER CONFIDENCES.

When two young women are closeted in their bedchamber after a pleasant day, and preparing for repose, then is the time for the interchange of sacred confidences. The events of the last few hours are touched upon with significant emphasis, the gentlemen are discussed and judged, and their personal peculiarities and excellences commented upon with approval or otherwise. However quiet, demure, and comparatively unobservant the young ladies may have been, depend upon it not the smallest detail of the gentlemen's dress and manners has escaped their penetrating eyes. Especially is this the case upon the occasion of the introduction of a new male acquaintance. Everything appertaining to him is recalled, from the parting of his hair to the tying of his shoestrings. It would much astonish him to hear the pretty girls (all girls are pretty in their spring-time), who seemed to scarcely have courage to glance at him, speak of the color of his eyes, of the cut of his clothes, of the quality of his mustache, of the size of his hands and feet, and the shape of his finger-nails. No learned judge in his summing up was ever so precise and correct, and the beauty or the despair of it is that these gossiping damsels are not only judges but juries, from whose verdict there is absolutely no appeal. Of course such sacred confidences are all the more interesting when the subjects for dissection are young unmarried men.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1593.

Many such conversations had Phœbe and Fanny held, and now, according to their wont, they proceeded to discuss the incidents of the evening, as they made their preparations for bed.

"I have often thought it a pity," said Phœbe, "that Mr. Kiss is not married."

"It *is* a pity," assented Fanny; "he is so good-natured and jolly that he deserves a good wife."

"And so clever," remarked Phœbe.

"And so good-looking. Phœbe, depend upon it, he has been crossed in love."

Phœbe sighed, and Fanny echoed the sigh. To these young hearts the very idea of being crossed in love was terribly sad.

"I *do* hope Mr. Linton's play will be a success," said Fanny, after a little pause. "Isn't it wonderful how a person can think of it all?"

"It is certain to be a success," said Phœbe, taking the last hair-pin out of her beautiful hair, which fell in waves over her shoulders.

Fanny gazed at her admiringly, and a charming picture indeed did the young girl present at that moment.

"If I envy you anything, Phœbe," said Fanny, "it is your hair. No one would think you had half as much."

"That's because it's so fine," said Phœbe, with a pleased smile.

"It's as fine as the finest silk," said Fanny, lifting bunches of it, and giving her cousin a quick affectionate kiss. "But you mustn't think I really envy you, Phœbe."

"I don't. I would change with you if I could."

"No, you wouldn't; no, you wouldn't," cried Fanny, with a merry laugh, "any more than I would with you."

"I am sure your hair is lovely, Fanny."

"It is altogether too coarse," said Fanny, with pretended pettishness. "But, there!—whoever gets me will have to make the best of it."

"Whoever gets you, Fanny, will have the dearest little wife in the world, and if he doesn't love every hair in your head he will be the most ungrateful of men—and I shall tell him so."

"I wonder who he will be," said Fanny, "and whether he knows that I've been growing up for him?"

It was quite a natural remark for a light-hearted, innocent girl to make. Why, therefore, should it cause both the cousins to fall straightway into the mood ruminative—a mood which entails silence while it lasts.

"One thing I am determined upon," said Fanny, waking up, as it were; "I won't have him unless he can waltz."

"If he can't," said Phœbe, with an arch smile, "you can teach him."

"Well, yes; that *would* be nice." And Fanny, brush in hand, commenced to hum a favorite waltz, and took a few turns to it, saying, when she was again before the glass, "What were we speaking of, Phœbe, before my young man popped in?"

"About the play."

"We are all going on the first night—think of that! And in a private box—think of *that!* The observed of all observers, as Mr. Kiss would say. I shall feel so excited—almost as if I were the author—though such a thing is impossible."

"Why impossible, Fanny? You wrote a story when you were nine years old."

"Yes, and it commenced, 'They were born in India without any father or mother.' Was there anything ever so absurd?"

"The success of Mr. Linton's play will mean a great deal to him. He is not rich, I am afraid."

"If he isn't, he ought to be," said Fanny, brushing with great care the tresses she pretended to despise, "wearing his brains out in the way he does. He *did* look anxious, didn't he, while Mr. Kiss was reading it? And how beautifully he read! I felt like kissing him when he was going through the love scenes. They *do* kiss a good deal on the stage, don't they?"

"Yes," said Phœbe, speaking with difficulty, her mouth being full of hair-pins; "but then they don't mean it."

Fanny made a face. "I shouldn't care for it that way," she said, and then she laughed, as though she had said something funny.

"Do you think Bob meant it," asked Phœbe, "when he said he was going to be an actor?"

"Bob's a riddle," replied Fanny; "I give him up."

"He might do worse. It's quite a fashionable profession."

"It isn't a profession. Didn't Mr. Kiss tell us that an actor was a rogue and vagabond by Act of Parliament?"

"That was only a joke. Mr. Kiss is a gentleman."

"Of course he is. The Prince of Wales once shook hands with him, and *he* wouldn't shake hands with any one *but* a gentleman. Do you wish you were a man, Phœbe?"

"No."

"*I* do!" said Fanny, with a decided nod of her head, the hair of which was by this time elaborately done up in curl-papers. Phœbe had also completed her preparations for bed. "And now, Phœbe, let us have a chat." She made this proposition with a feminine obliviousness of having spoken a single word since she had locked the bedroom door.

"What about, Fanny?"

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and see what God will send you," said Fanny.

"Nonsense, Fanny."

"Very well—nonsense. Then we won't have a chat. Only"—and Fanny pursed up her lips and shook her paper-covered little head wisely.

"Only what?"

"That you'll be sorry for it—that's all."

"What a tease you are! There!" Phœbe opened her mouth and shut her eyes.

"Don't move—don't stir!" cried Fanny, and she took from her dress an envelop, the edge of which she placed between Phœbe's teeth. "What is this?"

"A piece of paper. I'd sooner have a chocolate cream."

"You would, eh? Well, here's your chocolate cream—here's a packet of them—and if I don't tell him when he comes home, my name isn't Fanny Lethbridge."

This remark caused Phœbe to open her eyes very quickly, and the color on her face to come and go. Fanny's right hand was behind her back.

"Tell whom, Fanny?"

"'Tell whom, Fanny?'" mimicked Fanny. "Now *is* there more than one Frederick Cornwall, Esq., in the world?"

"There may be—in the London Directory."

"But they don't all write letters from Switzerland to Camden Town, do they?"

"Have you received another letter from Mr. Cornwall, Fanny?"

"Yes, I have; and here it is. It came this morning."

"And you kept it to yourself all this time!"

"How could I show it to you before? You had hardly been in the house two minutes when papa came home with Mr. Kiss and Mr. Linton. Then there was Bob hanging about, and you know how he scowls when I speak lovingly of Fred—I beg his pardon, Mr. Frederick Cornwall. Then there was helping mother with the tea. Then there was the reading of the play. Then there were the songs. With all that excitement, the letter went clean out of my head—except that I thought you would like it all the better if we read it together quietly here, where nobody can disturb us."

"You are a dear, good girl!"

"Of course I am, and you're another." Whereupon the cousins, with their arms round each other's necks, fondly embraced. They were sitting now on the bed very cozily, side by side. "Phœbe, I have something very horrifying to tell you."

"He hasn't met with an accident—he isn't ill?" exclaimed Phœbe, turning pale.

"Not a bit of it. He is as well as five feet eleven, aged six-and-twenty, should be. No, it isn't that; but it is about him, though."

"Tell me, Fanny."

"For a long time I have had my suspicions, but I wouldn't venture to breathe them to you. I watched mamma; I watched papa. When we were talking of him—it was always I who brought up his name—I set traps for them, and they fell into them unsuspiciously. And then there was what mamma said, in a pretended off-hand way, this morning, when she gave me the letter from Fred. It amounts to this, Phœbe"—she dropped her voice, and said in a whisper—"they think he comes after *me!*"

"Why shouldn't he, dear?"

"Why should he, dear?"

Phœbe stroked her cousin's face fondly, and rested her head on Fanny's shoulder.

"I hope," said Fanny, "that they won't be disappointed when they find out that he doesn't mean *me*, after all. But I don't think they will be when they know it is you, darling."

"Oh, Fanny! And he has never said one word to me!"

"What of that, sly puss? I can speak with my eyes quite as well as I can with my tongue; and Fred Cornwall is a great deal cleverer than I am. I don't positively hate him, you know."

"It would be very wrong of you to do so."

"And I don't positively love him. I like him, just a little, in a so-soish way. How it might have been if I didn't happen to have the dearest, sweetest, prettiest cousin that a foolish girl could ever boast of, isn't for me to say." (More hugs and embraces here.) "I *might* have fallen a victim to his lordship's charms; I don't say I should, but I might."

"But, Fanny," said Phœbe, in a low tone, her lips slightly trembling, "it is foolish, it is wrong, to speak like this."

"Now, Phœbe!" said Fanny, holding up a warning forefinger.

"Well, I won't say a word."

"That's a good, sensible, sweet-hearted cousin."

"You are not sorry, Fanny?"

"That he is not made for me? Well, it gives me a pang here to say no"—she placed her hand on her heart, and emitted a comically pathetic sigh—"because, you know, he *is* the very loveliest waltzer that ever put his arm round a girl's waist. You said so yourself. Now confess, Phœbe, if Fred *did*—eh?—you wouldn't run away, would you?" Phœbe's silence was the most eloquent answer she could give to her cousin's question, which, enigmatical as it may sound in the ears of unsentimental persons, was as clear and as sweet to the young girls as the sound of wedding bells. "If he doesn't," added Fanny, energetically, "I shall call him out!"

"Would Aunt and Uncle Leth be very angry?" murmured Phœbe.

"Why, Phœbe," replied Fanny, reproachfully, "they love you as much as they love me. I should feel dreadful if I wasn't sure of that. We are more than cousins, dear; we are sisters. Just put your ear to my heart: don't you hear it beat, 'Phœbe, Phœbe'? It is a good job for Fred Cornwall that I am *not* a man. *He* shouldn't have you, if I were: no—not if he were fifty Fred Cornwalls. I would run away with you, just as Young Lochinvar did with—I forget her name, but it doesn't matter; I'd do it. Isn't it strange that elderly people can't see half as well as young?—they don't look at what is under their noses; they are always looking over their spectacles."

"Aunt and Uncle Leth don't wear them," said Phœbe, smiling.

"I am speaking—metaphorically. That's not my word; it's Fred's—rather a favorite with him, you know. Of course, if they asked me plainly, I should tell them; but it wouldn't do for me to start it—would it?—till things are properly settled. They will be overjoyed, Phœbe; and so shall I be; for, don't you see, my dear, when you are disposed of, there will be a chance for *me*, and if a young gentleman comes to the house there will be no mistake the next time, because I shall be the only disposable young lady in view. To that young gentleman, whoever he is, wherever he may be, I extend an invitation—I say, with a courtesy, 'Come!' Oh! but I must tell you, Phœbe, it was so funny. You remember the last time Fred Cornwall had tea with us here—before he went on his holiday trip?"

"Yes."

"*I* invited him, and perhaps you may remember that I wrote to you and told you to be sure and come and spend two or three days with us. I didn't mention Fred's name in my letter to you, for you would have kept away." It was delightful to hear Fanny's laugh at this innocent badinage. "Well, you came—and Fred came—and I sent Bob off to the theatre, with an order. Now what does mamma pride herself especially upon in the way of jams?"

"Her gooseberry jam."

"Yes, and it really is very fine; I never tasted any half as good. Well, all the while we were at tea I saw it was you Fred was feeding on."

"Fanny, Fanny! You are incorrigible!"

"Am I? Nevertheless, I am right. When he wasn't looking at you, he was thinking of you; when he wasn't thinking of you, he was looking at you. I am quite an experienced person in love matters. 'Mr. Cornwall,' said mamma, 'this is home-made gooseberry jam—my own making. What do you think of it?' 'It is a dream,' replied Fred. He was gazing at you when he passed that very remarkable opinion upon mamma's gooseberry jam. Afterward I heard mamma say to papa, 'Did you hear what Mr. Cornwall said of my gooseberry jam? He said it was a dream. Depend upon it, he means something by it.' And I happening to pop into the room just then, mamma looked at papa significantly; and papa looked at mamma significantly; and then both of them kissed me. I couldn't help laughing to myself and thinking, 'Mamma will have to try her gooseberry jam on some other young man.' And now, Phœbe, we will read Fred's letter."

"How is it, Fanny, that Mr. Cornwall has written you so many letters?" asked Phœbe.

"Jealous?" inquired Fanny.

"No; I have no right to be; Mr. Cornwall is really nothing to me."

"You should have ended that sentence with 'yet.' 'Mr. Cornwall is really nothing to me—yet!' Quite right for you to call him *Mr.* Cornwall; I shall call him Fred, to his face. He will like it—so shall I."

"How you rattle on, Fanny!"

"Yes," said Fanny, composedly; "papa used to call me a regular little chatterbox."

"You have not answered my question, Fanny."

"Oh, about the letters. How is it Fred has written me so many? I have received one, two, three, and this is the fourth. A famous correspondence, isn't it? The fact is," said Fanny, unblushingly, "I asked him to write to me, and he, being such a polite young fellow, couldn't very well refuse. I did it quite openly; mamma was present. 'You might write me a nice chatty letter or two, Mr. Cornwall,' said I, 'while you are away.' 'I shall be very happy,' said he, looking at mamma, 'if I may be allowed.' '*I* have no objection,' said mamma. His asking mamma was almost like a declaration, wasn't it? Many a man has been had up for breach of promise for less than that. And to think of a lawyer so committing himself! But I don't believe they are a bit cleverer than other people; they only pretend to be. 'But I shall stipulate,' said Fred, 'that you answer my letters.' 'Of course I will,' said I, without asking mamma; and I have. In the last one I wrote to him I said that you sent him your dearest love."

"I hope you did not say that, Fanny."

"If I didn't, I meant it, so that it amounts to the same thing. Don't be ungrateful, Phœbe. I inveigled him into writing to me for your sake, not for mine, though I *do* wear his letters next to my heart. He is supposed to be addressing me in his correspondence, but he is really writing to you, and he knows that you read every word. Is there one of his letters without a lot about you in it?"

"He is always thoughtful."

"A model young man; when he comes home we'll put him in a glass case. And now we must really get to sleep, or we shall have mamma crying outside in the passage, 'Girls, girls, put out the light!' Don't you feel tired, Phœbe?"

"But the letter, Fanny!"

"Oh, the letter! Well, if I wasn't almost forgetting it! I suppose it *must* be read. See, it is addressed from the Grimsel Hospice. That's where the monks are. What a splendid monk Fred would make! He really ought to become one. What do *you* think, Phœbe?"

Then Fanny kissed her cousin half a dozen times, and proceeded to read Fred Cornwall's letter.

CHAPTER XIV.

A BIT OF EDELWEISS.

"MY dear Miss Lethbridge—"

("That's altogether too formal, isn't it?" said Fanny, looking up from the letter. "Why doesn't the stupid fellow commence with, 'My own dearest Fanny'? It would be very much nicer, wouldn't it?")

"My dear Miss Lethbridge,—Since my last we have had glorious weather, and I have been to no end of places, enjoying myself thoroughly. The only drawback is that I am without a companion, and that I sometimes feel rather lonely—"

("If there ever *was* a young fellow," said Fanny, "cut out for a family man, it is Fred.")

"And that I sometimes feel rather lonely. But we cannot have everything we wish for in this world, and I shall soon be home. One satisfaction is that I am making myself well acquainted with the route I have taken—as delightful a track as can be imagined—and that it will be a great pleasure by-and-by to guide some one who has never been to the beauty-land of Switzerland over the ground I have traversed—"

("I wonder," said Fanny, "if he has anybody in his eye, and whether he is thinking of a honey-moon!")

"Over the ground I have traversed. I received your pleasant, chatty letter, telling me all the news, and I cannot thank you enough for it. You are a model of a correspondent. So you all went to hear *Faust* at Covent Garden; I can imagine how you enjoyed yourselves, loving music as you do. When I was in Milan I went to La Scala, about which everybody who hasn't seen it raves. It isn't a patch on Covent Garden. You say it would have done my heart good if I had seen how beautiful Miss Farebrother looked—"

("I gave him," said Fanny, "a most elaborate description of our dresses.")

"To see how beautiful Miss Farebrother looked. You need scarcely have told me that; she always looks beautiful—and so do you—"

("*I* come in," said Fanny, tossing her head, "as a kind of makeweight. Out of common politeness he could not have said less.")

"And so do you. On my way to the Grimsel this afternoon I stopped at Handek to see the Falls. I am not sure that I do not admire them more than any I have yet passed. They are truly grand; and I wish I could have gathered some of the wonderful ferns low down the ravine to have inclosed in this letter. Before I reached the Falls I stopped at a hut, and there was a girl shelling peas. Quite a young girl, not more than seventeen, I should say; but there was something about her that reminded me of Miss Farebrother. Nothing like so pretty and sweet; but her hair was the same color, and she was about the same height. She got me some milk, and I stopped a few minutes to rest, and helped her to pick her peas—"

("It has been my opinion," said Fanny, "ever since I had the pleasure of Fred's acquaintance, that he was little better than a flirt. He ought to be ashamed of himself. The least he could do was to keep these things to himself.")

"Helped her to pick her peas. We had an agreeable chat, although she spoke a patois of which I did not understand a single word. It was very comical—"

("Very," said Fanny, with a fine touch of sarcasm.)

"Comical. Then I went on my way rejoicing, and it was quite dark when I reached the Grimsel. The monks are very hospitable; they gave me a good dinner and a good bottle of wine, for which they charge nothing; only one is expected to put something in the box for the poor before he leaves the hospice. I am up here in the mountains, nearly seven thousand feet above the level of the sea; outside there is a melancholy, sombre sheet of water called the Todten-See, or the Dead Lake. It is said to contain no living thing, only ghosts. Before I go to bed I shall go and see them. I am sorry to hear that the firm in which Bob was employed has failed, and that he is out of a situation. Hope he will soon get another, and that his career will shed lustre and renown on the name of Lethbridge. And I am truly sorry to hear that Miss Farebrother has sprained her wrist—"

("Oh, Fanny!" cried Phœbe, "I didn't." "I told him you did," said Fanny, calmly. "When a man is away, things must *not* be allowed to languish. The interest *must* be kept up somehow.")

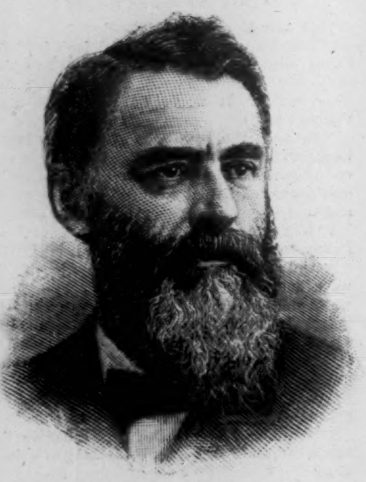
"Sprained her wrist. She must take the greatest care of it. Of course you do not allow her to touch the piano. You ask me how she would look with her hair cut short—"

("Well!" gasped Phœbe. "It is really too bad of you. Nothing could induce me to have my hair cut off. I have never mentioned such a thing." "*I* mentioned it," said Fanny, with a little laugh. "Trust me for managing these affairs. He will be overjoyed when he comes home and finds your hair just as beautiful as when he left. He will say something about it, to which you will reply—exposing me, of course—and then he will pay you no end of compliments.")

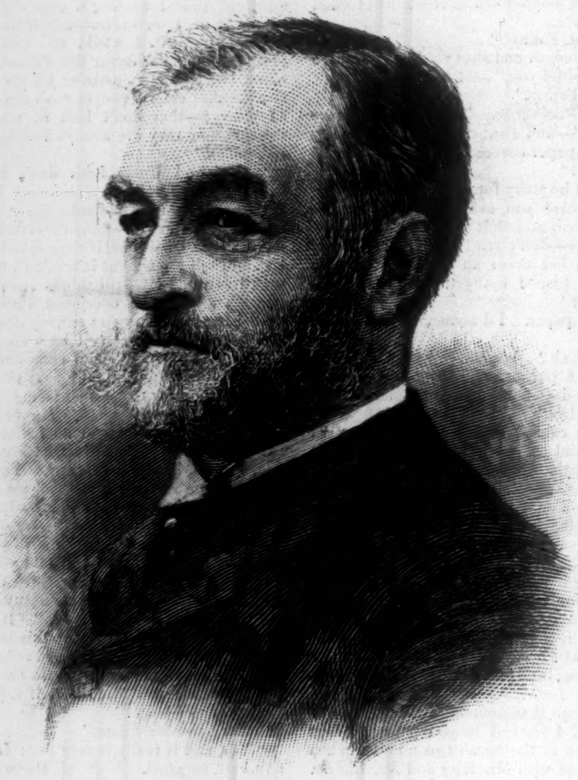
"With her hair cut short. Are you serious? I know what a quiz you are, and I suspect you are amusing yourself at my expense. I can hardly believe that Miss Farebrother has any such intention. I never saw such beautiful hair as hers—"

("Thank you, sir," said Fanny.)

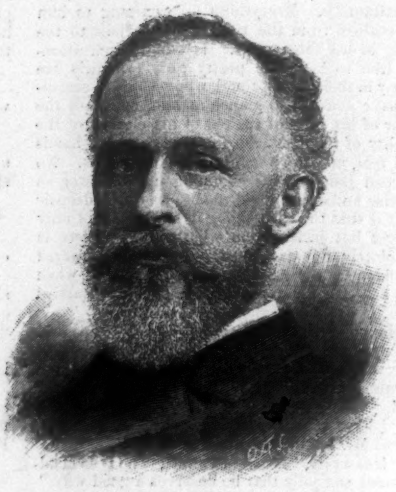
"Such beautiful hair as hers, and she will be doing very wrong if she allows herself to be persuaded to adopt what I consider an odious fashion. You know my opinion about mannish women; I would banish them to some distant island if I had my way, where, as there would be no men among them, there might be a chance of their recovering their right senses. When I was



PROF. F. W. PUTNAM, PERMANENT SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



PROF. S. P. LANGLEY, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



PROF. EDWARD S. MORSE, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

in Milan I bought three lace handkerchiefs: one for Miss Farebrother, one for yourself, and one for your kind mother. I have something also for Uncle Leth and Bob. Please give them all my very kindest regards, and tell Aunt Leth I am longing to have tea with her, and to taste her wonderful gooseberry jam again."

(Fanny had to stop here to laugh, and then she said: "Look, Phœbe, here are a lot of dots. His recollection of the gooseberry jam overcame him, and he went out to the Dead Lake to see the ghosts.")

"I threw down my pen, and went out for a stroll. It is a beautiful night. The Dead Lake does not sustain its reputation when the stars are shining on it. I tried to conjure up the ghosts, but they would not come. Instead of ghosts, all sorts of pleasant memories took shape, for the chief of which I have to thank your happy home. I thought of you all, and of the many acts of hospitality for which I am indebted to you. There is in such scenes as this a spirit of peace inexpressibly soothing, forming a reminiscence to be long remembered. The reflection of the stars in the still waters rendered it impossible to credit their evil reputation. The lake was a fairy lake, and as such I shall always think of it. Upon entering the hospice I heard the monks praying in low voices. Now I must to bed. Convey my kindest remembrances to Miss Farebrother, and receive the same yourself, from

"Yours very sincerely,

FREDERICK CORNWALL."

"That is something like a letter," said Fanny. "Fred is quite a poet. Don't you think so?"

"He writes beautifully," replied Phœbe.

"Lace handkerchiefs," said Fanny. "I wonder whose will be the prettiest? Mine, I should say."

"You deserve the best."

"There can be no doubt of that; but then men are so ungrateful. I must confess I can't quite get over that girl at Handek. The idea of his helping her to shell peas!"

"It was very kind of him."

"It was nothing of the sort; it was a downright shameless piece of flirtation, and I shall take him to task for it. I shouldn't so much have minded it if *I* had been the girl; would you? Oh, how foolish of me!—there is a postscript to the letter. Just think of a young woman forgetting a 'P.S.'!"

"As if you did not know it was there!" said Phœbe, with a tender smile. "What does it say?"

"Well, I never! Just listen. 'P.S.—My own dearest girl—'"

"Eh?" cried Phœbe.

"No; it is a mistake of mine. He has left that out. 'P.S.—I have kept this letter by me four days, and it is time I posted it, or I shall be home before you receive it. I expect to reach London on Friday morning.' What do you think of that, Phœbe? How many to the minute is your heart going? Friday morning. The day after to-morrow. I sha'n't be able to sleep a wink. But there is something more, Phœbe; that is not the end of the postscript. It goes on: 'Enclosed are two small packets, one with your name outside, one with Miss Farebrother's. I dare say you have not seen the flower they contain. It is the edelweiss, a flower which, always worn, brings luck and good fortune. If you will give me the opportunity, when I come home, I shall regard it as a great favor if you will allow me to put a piece of edelweiss in lockets for you both. With constant regards, Fred C.' Here is your packet, Phœbe."

Phœbe opened the paper, and gazed at the white flower, around which the traveller had arranged a few forget-me-nots.

"He calls it," said Fanny, "a flower of luck and good fortune. *I* know the right name for it, if he doesn't."

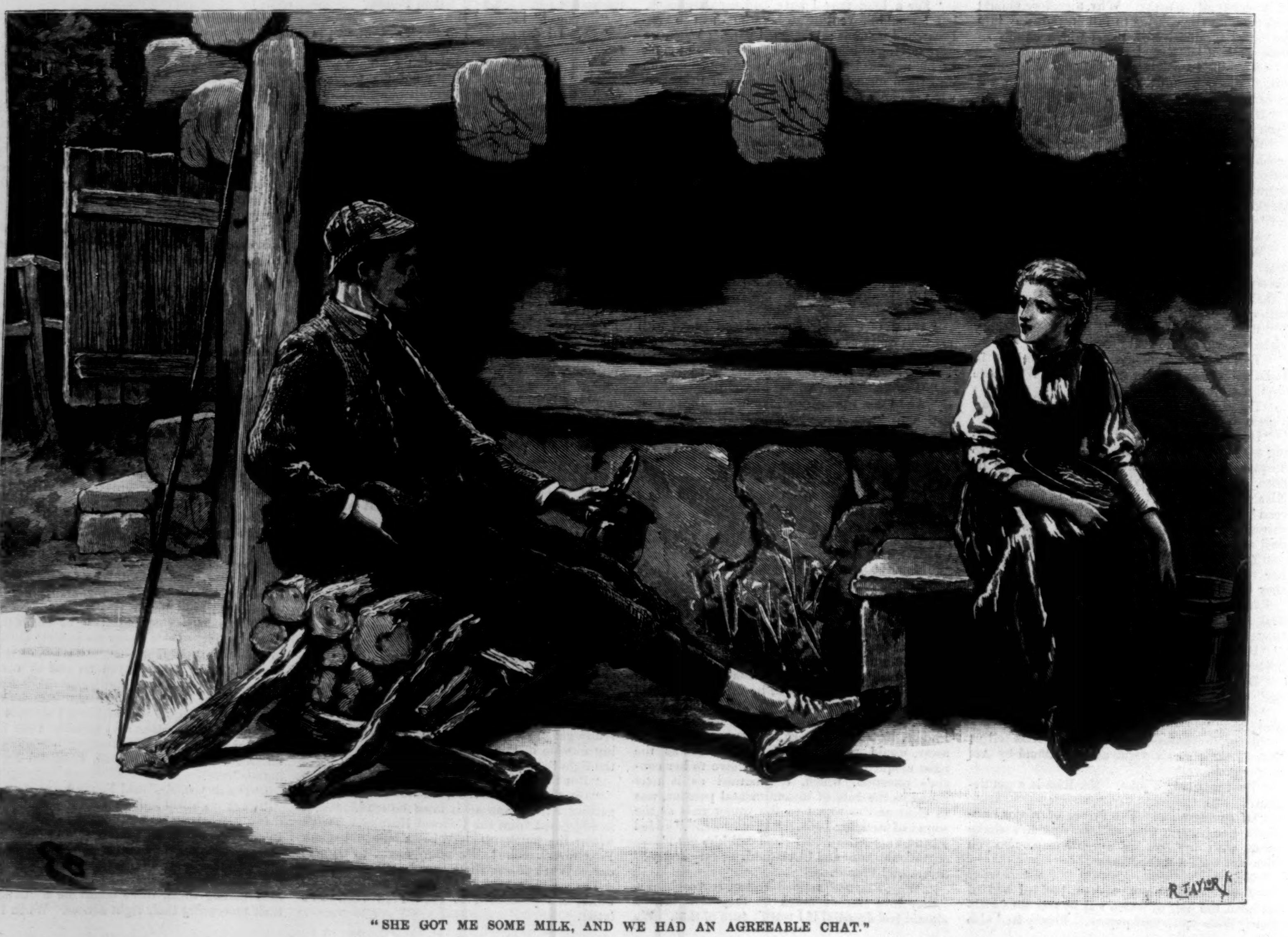
"What is its right name?" asked Phœbe.

"It is a love flower—nothing less. I shall put mine under my pillow, and shall dream of My Own. Not yours—mine; I am not a poacher. I will tell you what he is like in the morning. Good-night, dear Phœbe."

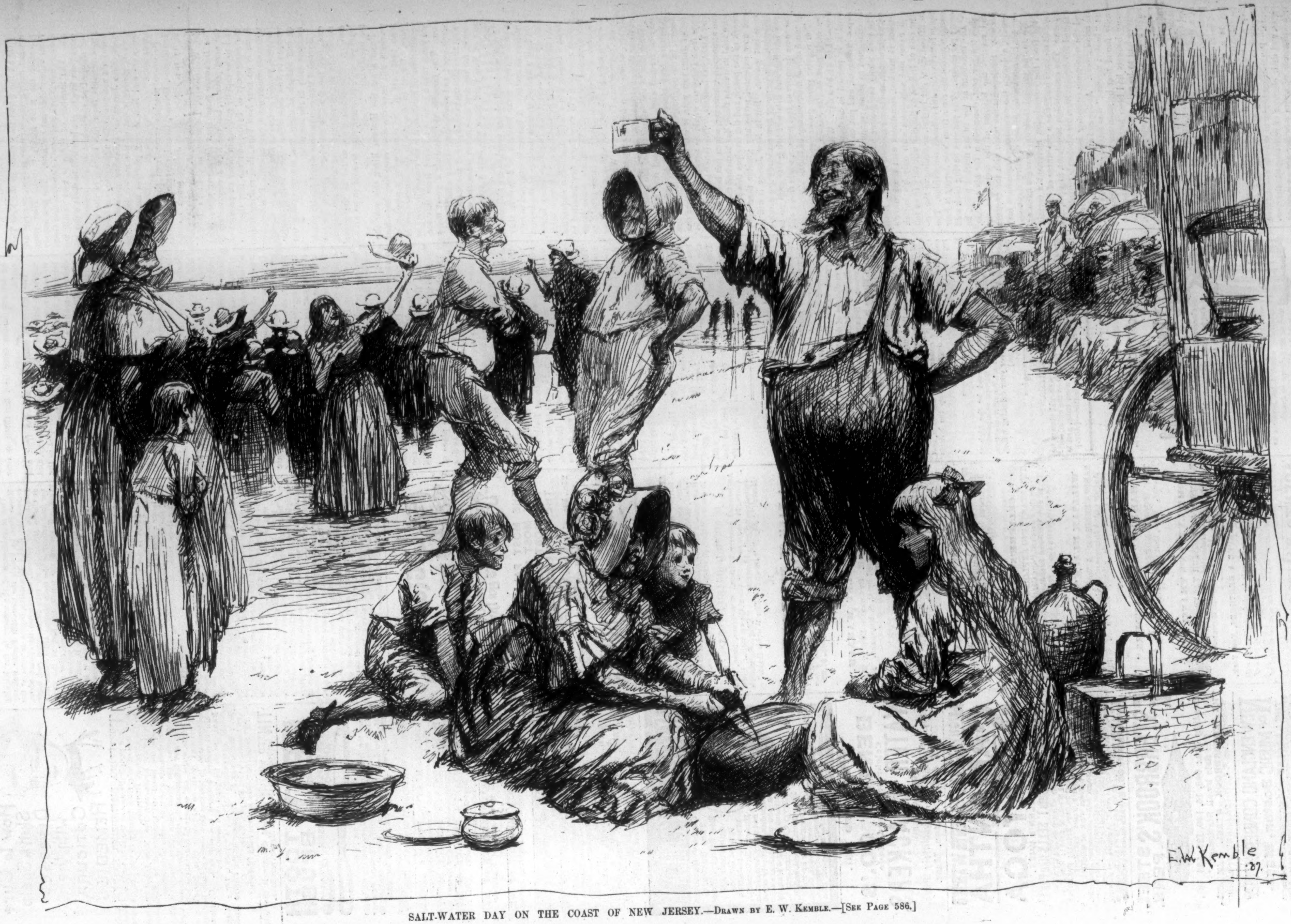
"Good-night, darling," said Phœbe.

Both the girls put their flowers of love under their pillows, and had happy dreams.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"SHE GOT ME SOME MILK, AND WE HAD AN AGREEABLE CHAT."


E.W. Kemble '87

SALT-WATER DAY ON THE COAST OF NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by E. W. Kemble.—[See Page 586.]

HOW THE PEACH CROP GETS TO NEW YORK.

Of all the fruits that come to the New York market during the summer season, peaches are probably the most highly prized. They come from widely different sections. The first supply comes from North and South Carolina and Georgia. The number of these is very small, not more than five or six hundred baskets a day being shipped at the height of the season. The gross receipts from this section of the country would not amount to the aggregate sent by some large New Jersey or Delaware grower. This fruit is generally out of the market before the Delaware and New Jersey peaches make their appearance.

Delaware peaches come from the towns of Huntington, Delmar, Laurel, Clayton, and Smyrna, in that State. New Jersey peaches come from Flemington, Lansdowne, Annandale, Clinton, Whitehouse, Lebanon, and Bull's Island. The Delaware peach has for many years been the most popular, but the New Jersey variety is said to be rapidly gaining in favor on account of the superiority of flavor, and the fact that the State is so near New York, thus making transportation much more convenient. Peaches, for instance, packed as late as five o'clock in the afternoon in New Jersey reach New York by twelve or one o'clock at night, and are on sale in the markets early in the morning.

Maryland was at one time noted for its peach crop, but the fruit is no longer grown for the market to any extent, and the lands are degenerating. The peach crop, so far as the great markets are concerned, may be said to be working northward.

From along the Hudson River this year the markets will have the first crop they have had from that part of the country for a number of years. Owing to changes in the atmosphere or peculiarities of location, it is only once in four or five years that a crop is received from this section. The farmers are planting a great many peach-trees, and are making strong efforts to develop the industry in that part of the State. This season, for the first time in ten years, the western part of New York State will have a good peach crop.

From nearly all places peaches are shipped in baskets; from some stations in Delaware they are sent in crates. A basket is supposed to contain half a bushel, though the size of the basket differs, those sent from Delaware being larger than the style used in New Jersey. A crate holds about a basket and a half. Individual shipments during a season will vary from five hundred to ten thousand baskets. There are some large growers who ship as many as from fifteen to forty thousand baskets. One of this latter class is ex-Congressman Pidcock, of Whitehouse, New Jersey, whose crop for this season is estimated at forty thousand baskets.

Some idea of the magnitude of the peach crop may be formed when it is stated that last year Delaware sent about 2,500,000 baskets; New Jersey, in the neighborhood of 2,000,000. On the 1st of June, this year, it was estimated that the crop from Delaware would be between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 baskets. The late "humidity" of the atmosphere, however, which has been such a sore trial to human flesh, has blanched the velvet cheek of the peach, and the receipts this year are not now expected to be any greater than they were last season. But in New Jersey it will be different. There many new orchards are coming into bearing, and this will bring the crop up to the same quantity as last season, while there will be more of the finer variety of fruit.

The regular peach grower engages pickers in the early part of the season, paying good ones from $1 to $1 50 a day. When the fruit is gathered it is packed in baskets, then taken to the depot in wagons, and put on board the cars. It is consigned to some commission house in the city with whom the grower has already been in correspondence, and they expect its arrival. Each basket is marked, sometimes with the grower's full name and sometimes with only his initial. The rate of freight to the city will vary from ten to fifteen cents per basket, according to the distance from the city and railroad competition. The cartage across the river from New Jersey is four cents per basket. The peaches having been sold by the merchant at the ruling market price, he takes ten per cent. commission for his trouble, and returns the balance of the money to the grower. Settlements are made with the growers weekly, although the commission merchant may not get his returns for fifteen or thirty days.

Up to the present time the growers have exacted from the commission merchant a certain deposit on each basket as a guarantee of its safe return. The commission merchant, in turn, has exacted the deposit from his wholesale customers, and the wholesale customer has demanded it of the retail grocer. At the end of the season, when the "basket account" was settled up, it was generally found that between these various parties many baskets had been lost. All the same the grower had to be paid for them. This year the retail grocers (many of whom are thrifty and far-seeing Germans) passed a resolution to the effect that they would no longer pay any deposits on baskets. Lately the commission merchants notified the growers that they would sell the peaches at a fixed price, basket and all, and that no deposit would be paid and no baskets returned.

The raising of peaches for the New York market is a growing interest, and is increasing, particularly in the State of New Jersey. The men who engage in it do not, as a rule, pay any attention to the raising of anything else except grain. Peach-trees begin to bear in about three years, and their chances of resisting the destructive influences of warm weather are as good as with the smaller fruits. So far as its producing qualities are concerned the tree is short-lived. After an orchard has yielded three or four times it is destroyed, and a second lot of trees cannot be set out on the same land for three or four years.

The interests connected with the fruit and vegetable business in New York are so large, and so many new features are being developed in the business, that there is an organization of merchants—really a committee of the New York Mercantile Exchange—that has for its object the furthering of these interests. Of this body Mr. A. E. Edwards is the president, and Mr. William J Phillips, secretary.

SALT-WATER DAY.

The custom of observing Salt-water Day is so old that it is supposed to be of Dutch origin; but long before the Dutch came to New Jersey—the State in which the day is celebrated—the Indians had a custom which might very well have furnished the model. It is a fact established in history that the New Jersey Indians were in the periodical habit of assembling in the neighborhood of the salt-water for the purpose of feasting upon oysters, and the gathering and eating of oysters was one of the chief features of the Salt-water Day observed among the Monmouth County farmers in later years. Before oysters became private property, and when there were natural beds of them along the Jersey shore, farmers living within twenty or thirty miles felt a keen oyster hunger about the first of every August, and on Salt-water Day, which occurs at this season, the beds were made to suffer. They suffered so much that the New Jersey Legislature finally passed a law restraining people from taking oysters by any means except the unsupplemented feet and hands, so that for several years previous to the time when oysters ceased to be public property the farmers on Salt-water Day could obtain this delicate food only by "treading" it; that is, by working the oysters from the bottom, and skilfully bringing them to the surface with their toes.

South Amboy used to be a favorite place of gathering on Salt-water Day, and so lately as five years ago as many as one hundred tent-top wagons brought in their loads of people from the back-lying farms to assist in this celebration. At South Amboy the festivities are concluded in a single day, but at other places—and notably at Point Pleasant, or Sea Girt, as it is now called, a part of the village of Squan—three days are devoted to them. Of course at these festivals at the edge of the sea there have come to be other joys than the joy of eating oysters. Bathing, dancing, and miscellaneous feasting are to be reckoned among the delights of Salt-water Day. There are stores of cold fowl, sandwiches, home-made pies, cider, and pink lemonade, and some of the wagon-tops keep the sun off from a keg or a demijohn of apple-jack. The bathing suits worn by the farmers and their wives and daughters are home-made, the same as the pies, and are commendable for their comfort and serviceability rather than their fit.

But the observance of Salt-water Day is not what it used to be. Railroads have brought the sea and the oysters nearer to the farmers, and the season for the celebration is largely gone. The colored people still observe the day with considerable fervor at Long Branch, but the festival, speaking generally, is one which is rapidly going out.

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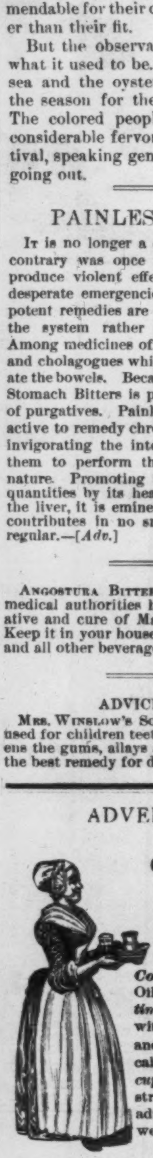

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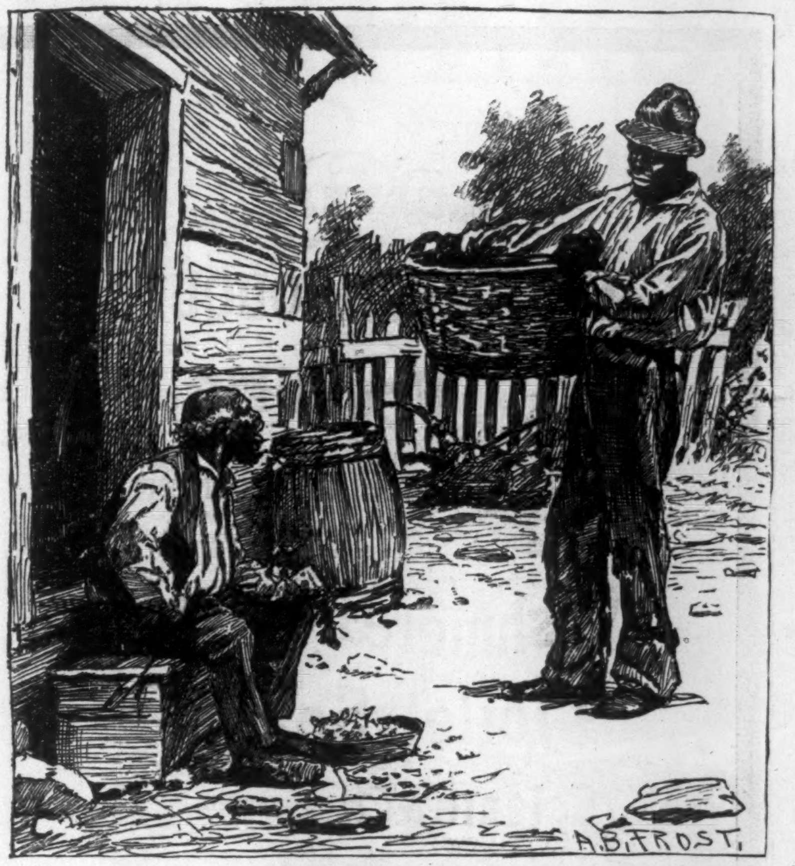

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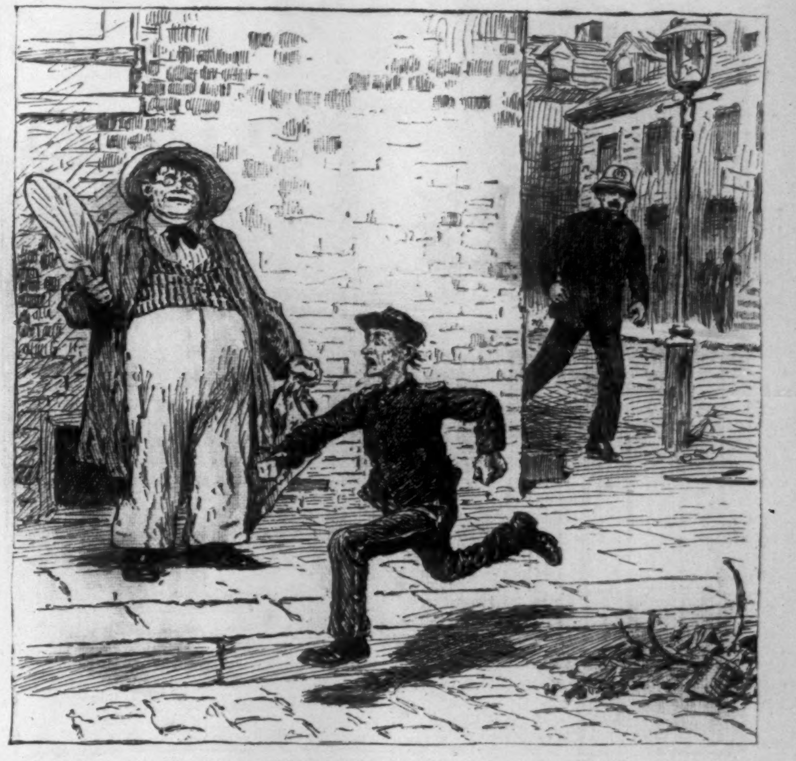

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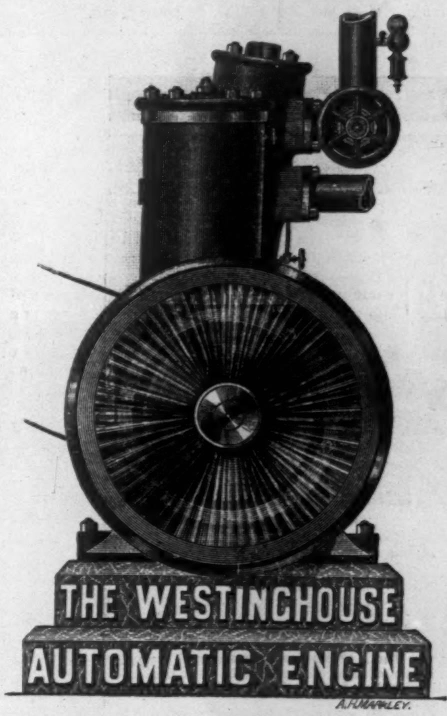

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